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THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

AT last uncertainty is ended, and England has announced her intention of intervening in Egypt. On Monday Mr. GLADSTONE will ask for a Vote of Credit, the amount of which he will make known to-day; and in asking for the Vote of Credit he will make a general statement of the policy which the Ministry has pursued and intends to pursue. It will be on his disclosure of the present intentions and preparations of England that public attention will be chiefly concentrated. Almost anything will be forgiven to a Ministry which at the eleventh, or nearly at the twelfth, hour is ready to act in a manner worthy of the dignity and power of England, and the Government will have a brilliant opportunity of gaining credit for something like constructive statesmanship when it reveals to Parliament what is the state of things in Egypt which it intends or hopes to create by the despatch of British forces. But its conduct in the past is sure to be exposed to much adverse criticism. The cardinal points of Lord GRANVILLE's policy, as put in the despatch to Lord DUFFERIN recently published, are likely to commend themselves to reasonable men of both parties. He has set himself to regard with patience and even favour every peaceable and orderly manifestation of Egyptian feeling, to oppose the military tyranny that has ruined the country, to uphold the present KHEDIVÉ against the pretenders who have been put forward to replace him, to work in harmony with France, to secure the concurrence of Europe, to get Turkey to perform the task of restoring order in a Mahomedan country, and to supply the necessary motive power to Conferences and allies by making it clear that England would do what had to be done herself if no one else would do it. Every one of these aims was good in itself, although, unfortunately, they were too often conflicting; and while very great allowance will be made for an English statesman who has to reconcile or choose between conflicting aims, it is impossible that the choice which Lord GRANVILLE actually made should escape strong animadversion. The course of events has been against the Ministry. The Joint-Note of January might have done good; but, in point of fact, it did harm. The despatch of the fleets might have restored the authority of the KHEDIVÉ and secured Europeans; but, in point of fact, it led to the virtual deposition of the KHEDIVÉ and the June massacre. The bombardment might have ended in the silencing of the forts and the intimidation of ARABI and his troops. In point of fact, it has led to the destruction of Alexandria and the encampment of ARABI in a position which England has not chosen to attack, with all Egypt at his mercy for the moment. As to all these things there is nothing for the Government to say except that they honestly, and, as they think, reasonably, hoped that things would turn out better than they have done; but the political world cannot help thinking of results more than of motives, and is inclined to think that wisdom must have been wanting when disaster followed on one decision after another. But, while events have been often unfavourable for the Ministry, they have been in one most important respect very favourable to them. They have permitted the Government to avoid all effective criticism of its past policy until it has a present and immediate policy to propose, which, unless Mr. GLADSTONE says something to damp expectation, will command general

approval. The despatch of an Egyptian expedition will throw a convenient cloak over the failure to make full use of the force already in Egypt.

The refusal of the Porte to take any share in intervention in Egypt was made in a form equally polite and conclusive. It wished neither to ignore nor to accede to the appeal made to it, and it seemed a convenient way of doing neither to say that it was willing to join the Conference. It was asked to act, and it said it would talk; and this was a not uncourteous way of saying that it would not act. To the Porte the whole question had reduced itself to the simple issue whether it dared to repress what claimed to be a specially Mahomedan movement. The SULTAN decided that, if he interfered, he might re-establish his shadowy and not very valuable sovereign rights over Egypt, but that he would risk his Caliphate. He prefers, as it was known he would probably prefer, to keep his Caliphate and risk his sovereignty. He has long moved in this direction. For months he secretly encouraged ARABI and his party; and, after the massacre at Alexandria, he marked his approval of the man who had indirectly, if not directly, brought Christians into grievous peril by bestowing on him a high and coveted decoration. He now continues to regard ARABI not as a rebel, but as a Mahomedan hero, and in doing this he is in complete harmony with the feelings of Mahomedans, not only in Egypt, but at Constantinople. What has ARABI done since he was decorated except great and glorious Mahomedan works? He has massacred infidels, burnt the houses of infidels, fought infidels, and fought them well, and now beards the infidels who shrink from attacking him. So good and faithful a servant is not to be punished, if he cannot be openly approved by the head of his religion. That the SULTAN should be swayed by these considerations is not wonderful when it is found that the KHEDIVÉ is painfully alive to them. He cannot make up his mind to turn completely and openly against ARABI. He will not declare ARABI a rebel; he is in constant communication with ARABI; he will not or cannot get Egyptian officials to work heartily in the task of restoring order in Alexandria. ARABI represents him as the humble tool and servant of infidels, fed by their bounties, and sleeping on their ships, the despicable enemy of all Egyptians and all Mahomedans. This was the picture of their nominal ruler which his chief lieutenant drew for the benefit of the Notables who had been hurriedly summoned to meet at Cairo. The Notables were in a painful state of embarrassment. They did not know which would win. Whether they liked it or not, they felt that they must go with the conqueror, but they were not sure whether the KHEDIVÉ or ARABI would win. One of them hazarded the remark that possibly what ARABI's lieutenant was telling them might not be true. He was immediately put down, but his suggestion appears to have led to a compromise, and it was finally decided to send a Special Commission to Alexandria, which should report to the Notables the real state of things, and give time to all to ascertain what is to become of ARABI. It is obvious that if ARABI is quickly put down the leading men of the country will welcome the KHEDIVÉ to Cairo, but that if he is not quickly put down these same men would be constrained to commit themselves and declare against the KHEDIVÉ and his infidel allies.

The first task of the English expedition is perhaps

fortunately made quite clear for all who have to direct it. ARABI must be driven from his present position, and driven very quickly, for he has intercepted the supply of fresh water on which Alexandria depends. There is no danger of an absolute want of water being felt in Alexandria for some days. Tanks have been filled; the Alexandria end of the canal contains a store which is considerable, although it cannot be replenished; and the condensing machines will give water to the troops. But very great efforts are being made by the English authorities in Alexandria to induce the native population to return to its homes, and it is obvious that this population cannot be allowed to come back, and then perish from thirst, or stray back into the country, because the invaders leave them without water in the city to which they have invited them to return. But, on the other hand, if ARABI is merely driven from his position, and his retreat is not cut off, he may burn and pillage Cairo as he has burnt and pillaged Alexandria. To prevent this ARABI must either be attacked in front, or there must be a force landed which, from Ismailia or some other convenient point, will cut ARABI off from Cairo. This cannot be done too soon; it is thought by some that it should have been done already. At any rate delay will necessarily increase ARABI's political influence. There is also an immediate necessity for securing the lives and property of the large European population which is in great danger at Port Said. Those who have to direct the Egyptian expedition have many perplexities to deal with; and, above all, they have to consider that even a slight blunder would have effects which it is very painful to contemplate. The Government has been indisputably right in one thing. It treats an Egyptian expedition as the very serious matter which it really is. It provides abundance of troops, and of the best troops that are at its disposal. It makes elaborate preparations for a difficult campaign in a bad season. It now only remains for it to ask for enough money, and to breathe that energy into every military department which can only be imparted by the knowledge that those at the head of affairs are thoroughly in earnest. With this, for the present, it is apparently necessary to be satisfied.

MR. BRIGHT'S RESIGNATION.

THE resignation of Mr. BRIGHT was an event which can have taken no one by surprise, and which, regarded in and by itself, requires very little comment. It is always satisfactory to find that there is one member of any Cabinet who is not willing to eat in office the words uttered in Opposition. Had Mr. BRIGHT acted upon his convictions a little earlier, and retired when orders were given for the bombardment (which, on his own principles, was certainly a greater breach of the moral law than anything that is likely to follow it, even when the Government have discovered that it is not wise to give scotched snakes an opportunity of turning), his action would have been invulnerable to the most determinedly hostile criticism. As it is, that action, while creditable in itself, had the air of requiring considerable stimulus from his friends. It was not till Sir WILFRID LAWSON had delivered himself and his soul in the House of Commons, till the Radical papers of the lower stamp were politely publishing as "Bits for BRIGHT" centos out of his own speeches about the Crimean war and other matters, that Mr. BRIGHT made up his mind. Even then he seems to have failed to emulate Archbishop CRANMER in emphatically denouncing the offence of the hand which had signed the order for the bombardment. But these are matters very much for Mr. BRIGHT's own judgment and decision. That he has, as a matter of fact, done his duty and behaved like a man of honour, if not wholly like a man of sense, nobody will dispute; and the account between him and the public is thus in a manner closed. But this is not the case with the bearing of his retirement—following, as it does, other retirements—on the question of the standing and future of the Ministry.

The most obvious danger in such a case is the danger of over-estimating the effect of the secession. There was a time when hardly any politician of eminence but had his "group"; a group which, if less purely factions than the groups which follow Greek and Italian Ministers, was yet tolerably certain to follow the fortunes of its chief, and to resent any action which involved his withdrawal from the Ministry. That day is for the present over, though, as the

Caucus system develops, it will very probably return. It so happens, too, that a considerable number of the younger Radicals, even if they grouped themselves in this touch-me-not manner at all, would not be likely to group themselves with Mr. BRIGHT on this question. Their shibboleths are different from his; and non-intervention, except as a convenient cry against a Tory Government, is not one of them. Of the more prominent of the younger Radical leaders it is certain that Sir CHARLES DILKE and probably that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is not a peace-at-any-price man on principle. Again, it is a peculiarity of the present electorate that, unlike its predecessor, it does not show with any accuracy at any given moment the process of change that is going on in its opinions. It is a barometer which needs a good deal of tapping before it will visibly adjust itself. Whether this is due to political stupidity, or, as the adulators of the provincial constituencies have it, to high political morality, it is unnecessary now to discuss. It is certain that it is the fact, and students of politics have learnt to reckon with it. No critic of intelligence, however unfavourably disposed he might be to the policy of the Government, expected a great revulsion of popular opinion on the resignation of Mr. FORSTER, or, earlier, on the resignation of the Duke of ARGYLL. Experience shows that the existing constituencies lay these things up in their hearts (if they attend to them at all) in a very peculiar manner. The misdeeds and the misfortunes of a Ministry accumulate until accident or the wit of the Opposition leaders brings the whole mass to bear, and then it bears at once, with a force which is by that time probably unreasonable and excessive. There are not, indeed, wanting observers who attribute the sudden and tremendous lurches of popular opinion which have been seen during the last ten years almost wholly to sheer political fickleness and instability, cunningly utilized, it may be, at the right moment by ingenious politicians, but almost unaffected by intelligent or conscious judgment of the conduct of the unpopular Ministry.

However this may be, there can be little doubt, supposing events to exercise any influence at all on the intellect of the electorate, that three resignations of important members of the Cabinet in the course of little more than two years ought to rank among such events. A curious theory has been advanced by some partisans of the Government on this subject, which, if admitted, would undoubtedly rob Ministerial secessions of their last fragment of importance, so long as there remained a change of politicians in the party capable of decently filling vacancies. According to this, a Ministry, and still more a party, is constructed on a principle somewhat akin to that of limited liability. A politician may strongly disapprove of certain steps of his colleagues; he may disapprove of them so strongly that there is no alternative for him but resignation. But this does not lay any duty on him but that of cordially supporting those colleagues in all other matters, and it even leaves him free to take office again directly the immediate difficulty is past. In short, he may share in the plunder, provided he pities the man and does not personally rob him. This theory has been pushed so far as to make some of those who hold it apparently see nothing extraordinary in the idea of Mr. FORSTER resuming office, though there is not the slightest sign of any repentance or amendment of life in his late colleagues as to the conduct which led to his own resignation and to the murder of his successor. According to this theory, there would certainly be no reason why a party should ever break up, and so far it would certainly be convenient, but its general acceptance would hardly tend to the improvement of political morality. But it is not accepted as yet, and until it is accepted, a resignation—much more repeated resignations of important members of a Cabinet—must be considered as likely to weaken that Cabinet both in its power of acting and in its reputation. It may be pointed out, moreover, that the points on which these three prominent politicians have felt constrained to pronounce the policy of their colleagues so bad that they cannot countenance it by continuing to be Ministers are not questions of academic policy, nor are they, like the point on which Mr. GOSCHEN holds aloof, points which can be settled once for all, and after which a statesman, though disapproving the past, may hold that there is no reason why he should not let bygones be bygones. The Irish policy which disgusted the Duke of ARGYLL, and which in its latest, or almost its latest, form even Mr. FORSTER could not stand,

is not finished and done for. All sorts of subsidiary measures to the Land Act—corollaries to carry out its principles, lemmas to enable it to get to work and demonstrate what it can do—loom not indistinctly in the distance, and are announced by Mr. GLADSTONE as work for future Sessions. In these measures it is certain that the principles condemned by the Duke of ARGYLL will predominate, and it is not improbable that the applications which were too much for Mr. FORSTER will reappear. Not is the Egyptian matter a thing which Mr. BRIGHT's colleagues can despatch quickly and then receive him back again with joy to what he is bound to consider their blood-stained arms. What will be the end of their action and their inaction alike no man knows; but, whatever it is, no man of judgment or knowledge flatters himself that it will come quickly. All this time Mr. BRIGHT's colleagues will be committing what Mr. BRIGHT confesses to be in his view breaches of the moral law, and to co-operate very heartily even in other matters with breakers of the moral law is not to be expected of such a man. Now no Government can even from its own point of view afford to go on squandering strength in this way. Nor can any nation, however sluggish in its political logic, and however fond of settling all difficulties by changing Ministers every six years, be expected to refrain from arguing that a Prime Minister who drops a colleague at every important action must be acting in a dubiously safe manner and a dubiously wise one. The novel and surprising theory of Liberalism, which looks only to the dicta of Mr. GLADSTONE as being those of an authority with power to bind and to loose, absolute, final, not to be questioned or criticized, may for a time be proof against such difficulties, but as they accumulate they must weaken the theory itself. For it is evident that each of these distinguished Liberals did not hold that Mr. GLADSTONE is such an authority, or they would not have left him. The humblest member of a Caucus can hardly be prevented after a time from asking himself on what aristocratic principle the liberty of conscience which they have exercised is denied to him.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

ALTHOUGH it is impossible to foresee the course which public affairs may take within the next few weeks, the country ought to be prepared for grave political complications. In the immediate future, as in the past, both foreign and domestic difficulties furnish sufficient reason for anxiety. Parliament has hitherto, with sound judgment, abstained from any formal discussion of the late policy of the Government in Egypt and at Constantinople. The numerous questions which are daily addressed to the Ministers proceed for the most part from irresponsible private members, who seem rather to wish to gratify curiosity than either to support or to embarrass the Government. There is no immediate prospect of any formal party division on Eastern policy, though weakness or blunders will be vigilantly watched and sharply criticized by the Opposition. Thus far there has been no renewal of the practice, which prevailed when Lord BEACONFIELD was in office, of making national interests subordinate to party objects. The insecurity or uncertainty of the position of the Government is exclusively caused by the Irish Arrears Bill. The amendments which have been proposed or supported by the Opposition leaders in the House of Commons were undoubtedly concerted with their colleagues in the House of Lords. It is, therefore, probable that alterations which Mr. GLADSTONE will regard as fatal to the measure will be introduced and carried by a large majority in the Upper House, even if the Bill passes a second reading. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE's proposal that the Commons shall deal with arrears only on the joint application of the landlord and the tenant is wholly inconsistent, if not with the other provisions of the Bill, at least with the object for which it is promoted. If the compulsory enactments were struck out of the Bill, it would differ little from the arrears clauses in the Land Act of 1881. The new legislation is in the highest degree anomalous, and its consequences will in many cases involve great injustice; but Mr. GLADSTONE and his admirers have persuaded themselves that it will pacify Ireland; and, if their anticipations were realized, their disregard of principle would almost be justified by the result. It is impossible that they should accept a modification of the scheme which would

amount to a discontinuance of their experiment. The plan of making the remission of arrears dependent on the consent of the landlord would therefore be equivalent to the rejection of the Bill. It is for the House of Lords, or rather for those who guide its counsels, to weigh the disadvantage of concurrence in unjust legislation against the practical inconvenience of a collision with the House of Commons. If it should be determined to follow the many precedents of acceptance of unpalatable measures in consideration of high public expediency, Mr. GLADSTONE's promise of an early prorogation, and his threat of an autumn Session, may be fulfilled without interruption.

The direct or virtual defeat of the Arrears Bill will render it necessary for Mr. GLADSTONE to choose between dissolution and resignation. An appeal to the constituencies, though it may in such circumstances be constitutional and customary, is an awkward mode of escaping from a deadlock. The Ministerial majority in the House of Commons is unbroken; and it is doubtful whether it would be greatly improved by a new election. If the Ministers are of the opinion that they would be liable to serious losses, they would probably not resort to a dissolution. They have often announced the intention of reinforcing themselves by the votes of county householders before the next general election. A new Parliament elected by the existing constituency would probably adjourn for some years longer the degradation of the franchise on which the ultra-Liberals rely for the perpetuation of their political supremacy. The most likely result of a new election would be a small increase of the strength of the Opposition, with the result of leaving the administration in the hands of the Liberal party, and at the same time of reducing their weight and influence in the country. The uncertainty of all similar calculations would discourage the project of dissolution. Against the more complete organization of the Birmingham conspiracy may be set the probable secession of almost all moderate Liberals. It is impossible to conjecture the mode in which the Irish agitators would exercise their influence on English and Scotch constituencies, but they would receive a considerable addition of strength from Ireland. At the last election Mr. GLADSTONE commanded the unanimous support of the party which is now represented by the Land League. The Liberal election managers will not rely on the assistance of their late confederates. The Kilmainham Treaty, by which the alliance was to be restored, is probably regarded by the Irish agitators as no longer binding. On the whole, the party reasons against a dissolution seem to preponderate over the arguments in its favour. If the same conclusion approves itself to the Government, it will become necessary to resort to the only alternative.

A resignation would be detrimental to the public interest, though it might, in the event of the defeat of the Arrears Bill, be unavoidable. If the leaders of the Opposition formed a Government, they must necessarily resort to a dissolution as soon as the Session was over. In the meantime they would have to encounter a probable recrudescence of sedition in Ireland, where the demagogues would be reinforced by the whole body of English Radicals. No Conservative Government could carry on business in the face of a large majority of the House of Commons, and there is no reason to expect such a reaction as that of 1874. It is improbable that Lord SALISBURY and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE should consent to take office with the certainty of immediate weakness and the probability of ignominious failure. On their refusal the present Government would resume power, probably with several personal changes. It is in the highest degree improbable that they should return in a more moderate temper. The Arrears Bill would be reintroduced on the earliest possible occasion, with perhaps additional concessions to the tenants at the expense of the landlords. The House of Lords would probably not think it expedient to reject the Bill a second time. Meanwhile the unavoidable delay would involve the indefinite continuance of the refusal to pay rent. These consequences, and many other probable inconveniences and dangers, will be considered in the deliberations of the majority of the House of Lords. It is more than unfortunate that it should become necessary to choose between apparent complicity in vicious legislation and probable aggravations of existing difficulties both in Ireland and Great Britain. The unjust and ungenerous taunts which have been directed against the House of Lords by the real authors of the Land Act will

not deter conscientious statesmen from assigning due weight to the reasons in favour of a second act of prudent conformity. The whole condition of things is changed by the publication of an offer which is thenceforth regarded by the Irish tenants and by the demagogues as the minimum of concession. The moral responsibility of the Arrears Bill, if it passes into a law, will devolve almost exclusively on the Ministers who proposed a bribe as a remedy for disaffection.

If the present Government resumes office after a tender of resignation, it is at least possible that Mr. GLADSTONE may take the opportunity of retiring. He has not perceptibly suffered from labours which might have worn out the strength of a younger man; and it is said that his spirits have never flagged, while private observers have watched the course of events with dismay. On the other hand, it must be remembered that Mr. GLADSTONE often intimated a wish for leisure when his duties and responsibilities were less overwhelming than at the present time. Even if it were possible that he should contemplate the results of his Irish legislation with complacency, the employment of force in defence of the national interests in Egypt must be a highly unwelcome duty. If for these or other reasons Mr. GLADSTONE contemplates retirement, it would be easier to decline a fresh term of office after resignation than to break up the Cabinet without immediate occasion. It is obvious that, if things proceed in their ordinary course, Mr. GLADSTONE intends both to conduct the discussion on procedure in the autumn, and to introduce in the Session of next year the latest alterations of the Land Bill. The resignation of the Government would affect the whole course of business, and it might perhaps also involve the exclusion of some of his present colleagues, at their own instance, or in deference to party demands. Such a task would probably be distasteful, and it might be more smoothly managed by a possible successor. It is impossible to judge how the relations of parties would be affected by Mr. GLADSTONE's retirement from his position of undisputed pre-eminence. His brilliant abilities, his versatile caprices, his propensity to be guided by sentiment, his faculty of devising reasons for yielding to unreflecting impulse, have produced a profound feeling of distrust in his judgment and even in his motives; but his absolute command over his colleagues and his party enables him to repress dangerous agitation when it fails to command his sympathy. If he should vacate his post, the place would probably be filled by Lord GRANVILLE; but the chief conduct of business would fall to the lot of Lord HARTINGTON as leader of the House of Commons. He would probably not be annoyed as on former occasions by the interference of Mr. GLADSTONE; but he would have to reconquer the confidence of the House of Commons. No politician of the present day has sunk so rapidly in general estimation, and perhaps he has reason to complain of a want of allowance for a difficult position. It must be trying to fall back into the ranks after a period of command, and Lord HARTINGTON has not the oratorical gifts which attract attention in the absence of a claim to authority. When Lord HARTINGTON was leader, he was generally recognized as the fittest of all competitors for the post. As a colleague of Mr. GLADSTONE, he is believed never to have asserted an independent position by resisting any of the wildest vagaries of his chief. Many voters supported Liberal candidates at the last election because they were reassured that Lord HARTINGTON's moderate speeches indicated the policy of the future Government more accurately than Mr. GLADSTONE's reckless declamation. It was unavoidable that the Ministry should take its character from its powerful and imperious chief; but Lord HARTINGTON, if he could not control the policy of the Government, might have at least attempted to exercise a moderating influence. If the Cabinet is reconstructed, the selection of new members who may be admitted will be watched with interest and anxiety. The evils from which reasonable politicians would gladly fly seem sufficiently serious; but those which are yet unknown may perhaps prove to be greater.

IRELAND.

THE dexterity of Mr. PLAYFAIR succeeded in carrying the Arrears Bill through Committee at an unexpectedly early hour on Wednesday; and, though the stages of report, recommittal for certain stated purposes,

and third reading were then left, it is not improbable that by the time these words are read the Bill will be on its way to the Lords. Of its chances in the Upper House this is not the place to speak. It is sufficient to say that it will leave the Commons in no way improved, save as regards the emigration clauses, and in some respects even in a worse condition than when it was first laid before them. By the additional bribe of including a loan measure to tenants holding at over thirty pounds rent, the logical unity of the Bill as an embodiment of the principle of gift and compulsion has been destroyed, and a fresh door opened (according to Mr. GLADSTONE's invariable habit in dealing with Irish questions) for future agitation. The instructions to the Commissioners as to the reckoning in of tenant-right are so vague as to be probably inoperative, and the discretion allowed to the tribunal is certainly not justified by its actions hitherto. It is painful to have to say that the name of the new Commissioner cannot be thought to strengthen the Bench. Lord MONCK is an excellent man of business, but he has already committed himself in print to the championship of the most high-handed acts of his future colleagues. The most striking circumstance of the discussion about his appointment was Mr. GLADSTONE's memorable admission that the Government dare not trust any man in Ireland save decided partisans to work their schemes. But the grave inconvenience of the Bill was perhaps most strikingly shown by the discussion, incomplete as it was, which took place on Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL's amendment. This, though it came to nothing, showed symptoms of so much doubt, in quarters of the House by no means disinclined to the Bill as a whole or to the PRIME MINISTER, that Mr. GLADSTONE had at that time also to intervene. It cannot be said that his intervention was happy. Not only had he to confess that the limitation of the claims of the landlord, while those of the other creditors remained unlimited, was an anomaly, but he had further to confess that the immediate result of the Bill was not unlikely to be a large increase of evictions by the action of those other creditors. That is to say, the very evil, as it is held to be, which is pleaded as the excuse for the Bill, is by admission likely to be increased by its operation, and the landlord will see rights of which he is forcibly deprived in his own case exercised over his own land by shopkeepers and money-lenders. For the general effect an illustration will convey more to the mind than reams of argument. Take a tenant at ten pounds annually. The tenant-right of such a holding is, by the usual calculation, seventy pounds; the arrears are likely to be about forty, and on the accepted calculation that an Irish tenant's other debts are generally equal to those incurred towards his landlord, his obligations to other creditors will be forty more. That is to say, his tenant-right would be all but sufficient honestly to clear him of incumbrances. But by this Bill he will go before the Commissioners, and pleading inability to pay, will be let off his arrears at fifty per cent. discount, himself contributing twenty-five per cent. of the remainder, and the rest being presented to him by the nation. The Commissioners are empowered, and by the wording of the Bill prompted, not to charge his tenant-right. The other creditors, this transaction completed, will step in and sell him up, receiving their own debts in full, and leaving him the balance, with which he may walk off, all parties being satisfied except the landlord and the English taxpayer.

The imp of the perverse which seems to have entered the souls of the Government as to Ireland is not confining its operations to this question of arrears. The Prevention of Crime Bill has come into effect, and laudable efforts are being made by the Castle officials to get it to work. It is even said that the LORD-LIEUTENANT remains at his office till half-past seven o'clock for the purpose. This is admirable of Lord SPENCER; but unfortunately there appears to be some doubt whether these hours of work are not likely to do more harm than good. All parties in England are agreed that neither this nor any other Prevention of Crime Act is likely to work satisfactorily without an entire reorganization of the detective branch of the Irish police. For this purpose Colonel BRACKENBURY was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary some two months ago. It is now asserted that Colonel BRACKENBURY has resigned, "in view of the contingencies which may afford him an opportunity of re-entering the wider and more congenial field of military service," says the official or semi-official scribe with a really admirable command of polite English. Unfortunately, another report says that the scheme proposed by Colonel BRACKENBURY

"was too thorough to commend itself to the approval of "Lord SPENCER." His Excellency, it is understood, "did not favour the proposal to introduce into Ireland the espionage of some of the Continental systems, being of opinion that they were not likely to succeed in Ireland, "and being further of opinion that the system was not in "a moral sense a commendable one." Mr. TREVELYAN has indeed denied in the House of Commons that this is the reason of the resignation, and no one supposes that it can have been the ostensible reason. But Mr. TREVELYAN did not deny the fact of differences of opinion, and until such a denial is given the quotations will be fatally eloquent. Translated into plain English, they mean that Colonel BRACKENBURY set about to catch atrocious scoundrels as if he meant it, and as if they were atrocious scoundrels, and that this straightforward proceeding shocked the most moral of moral Cabinets. Espionage is not a pleasant word, nor is it a pleasant thing. But no detective force can exist except as a mere ornament without its use, and in especial no Irish detective force can without it be worth the wear and tear of its salt-cellars—let alone their contents. Irish treason and Irish savagery never have been checked by any other means except when they have been allowed unheeded to gather head, and then have been temporarily drowned in the bloodshed and terror of an insurrection violently suppressed. To this Lord SPENCER's morality, if it be truly described (it is permissible to hope that it has not been so), will surely lead, if it does not lead to something worse. It can therefore only be described as the most immoral morality conceivable, if it were not preferable to describe it as incomparably the most foolish.

The incidents which day by day expose and illustrate the folly of dealing in such a fashion with such a country are too numerous to mention. Archbishop CROKE's last reported achievement, the commendation of the "pluck and dash and generosity" of the inhabitants of Falias, the most turbulent and lawless district in all Ireland, is the most striking recent occurrence of the kind. But perhaps more real instruction to practical politicians may be extracted from an article in the current number of the *Dublin Review* which deals in part with the Land Corporation. It is unnecessary to say that the *Dublin Review* is second to no Irish periodical in point of respectability. Its attitude on the general land question has, moreover, been moderate and fair. But it is in hysterics about Mr. KAVANAGH's plan, and for what reason? Simply, as the reader very soon perceives, because the proposed importation of "loyal farmers from other districts" is likely to strengthen the Protestant communities and weaken the Roman Church in Ireland. That is to say, a purely economical and political question suddenly loses all its economic and political aspects when it happens to touch sectarian interests. It is "matter of brevity" in a new but exact sense, and is so to be dealt with. This is only an instance of the myriad idols which beset men's judgments in reference to this unfortunate country. The Idols of the Vestry send the *Dublin Review* into a fury about a simple practical project which ought to be discussed from the most matter-of-fact considerations, and make Archbishop CROKE (who very likely is a God-fearing person enough in private life) give direct or indirect approbation to persons and practices that violate half the clauses of the Decalogue. The Idols of the Study engage Mr. GLADSTONE in such a confusion of inextricable embarrassments that he frankly confesses that a measure designed to stave off eviction will probably cause eviction. Lastly, the Idols of the Stump make a Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, if report does not belie him, quarrel with means for catching ruffians shedding innocent blood because they are not in themselves morally commendable. It is not morally commendable to surround a man's neck with a noose against his will and suspend him thereby until he be dead. Would Lord SPENCER be prevented by a scruple of this kind from signing the death-warrant of the men whose knives clashed in the breast of Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH? But it may be admitted that this dilemma is one with which, so long as he retains his alleged views of detective organization, Lord SPENCER is never likely to be confronted.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

THE discussions on Egypt in the French Chamber which preceded the abrupt, if temporary, fall of M. DE FREYCINET's Ministry were full of matter quite as interesting to Englishmen as to Frenchmen. In the first place, they disclosed a secret not confided to the English Parliament, that England and France had actually concluded an agreement for active intervention in order to protect the Suez Canal. M. DE FREYCINET added that the two Powers had laid their intentions before the Conference with the object of obtaining the assent of Europe, if it could be obtained, and of reserving their freedom of action, or, in other words, doing without a European sanction if it could not be obtained. When M. DE FREYCINET was speaking it was still supposed to be uncertain what the answer of the Porte would be to the invitation of the Powers. By the great exertions of French diplomacy, the evils of a Turkish intervention had been, in the opinion of M. DE FREYCINET, minimized to an extent which made it almost a matter of indifference whether the SULTAN accepted or refused an invitation to act for Europe in the character of a high-class constable. But, if the SULTAN refused, and then the Conference asked France, among other Powers, to interfere actively to restore order in Egypt, M. DE FREYCINET was willing to go as far as to say that France would be inclined to take her share in the work. Throughout his speech M. DE FREYCINET breathed sentiments of the most ardent friendship for England. The English alliance was the keystone of his policy, and he was proud to be able to say that he had so managed matters that not the shadow of a cloud had passed over this alliance while he had been at the head of French affairs. The general sentiments which M. DE FREYCINET expressed are felt here also. There is a widely-spread and a sincere desire to be on cordial terms with France. But it is by no means easy work for English statesmen to work harmoniously with the French Ministry of the day. In the first place, it is entirely impossible to calculate how long any French Ministry will last. An English Foreign-Secretary has no notion who will reply to his next despatch. For a French Ministry is the mere creature and plaything of a Chamber which knows neither what it wants nor whom it can trust. On the same day that M. DE FREYCINET vindicated his Egyptian policy, and secured his vote of credit for the navy by an overwhelming majority, he was turned out of office by an adverse vote on the question, not whether Paris should have a mayor, but whether the Government should be allowed to say that the creation of a mayor for Paris was possibly a thing that might some day be thought of.

The relations of the Ministry to the Chamber coloured every part of M. DE FREYCINET's speech. He had to put everything in the light in which he thought the Chamber would like to see it put. It seemed to him that, as the Chamber did not know whether it would like France to interfere actively in Egypt or not, it might be possible to represent interference to protect the Canal as something quite different from interference to restore order in Egypt. It was probable, and the calculation was justified by the attitude of the Chamber, that his hearers would not examine too closely what interference to protect the Canal really meant. A correspondent of an English newspaper has given himself the pains to enlighten the French mind on this head. Under the form of announcing what is intended, he accurately explains what must have been intended if a scheme for adequately protecting the Canal was to be carried out. The points to be occupied for the due protection of the Canal are Alexandria, Cairo, Ismailia, Port Said, and Suez. He is perfectly right. Unless these points are occupied, the Canal cannot be protected; but, if they are occupied, the separate expedition for restoring order in Egypt would appear to have extremely little left for it to do. In a similar strain M. DE FREYCINET blandly talked of the Conference casually proposing that France should share in the work of restoring order, and of Franco politely replying that the idea was not a bad one. This vision of a Conference first deciding that there must be interference, and then looking about to see on whom the high honour of participating in the work shall be conferred, is purely imaginary. There is no such Conference, and there could never have been. The Conference that really exists is a Conference that was told that, if Turkey did not interfere, England would interfere, and that any other

Power that liked to join her might do so. The picture of an embarrassed Europe begging France to be kind enough to send French troops to Egypt is only adapted to the region of the French Chamber. But in larger matters of this kind M. DE FREYCINET had not got to the full length to which he was prepared to go in accommodating himself to what he fancied the Chamber would like to hear. He rightly thought that his hearers would like to have some reference made, if not in a very explicit way, to the course taken by the Government in withdrawing the French ships from Alexandria when the bombardment was announced. It seemed strange to others as well as to Englishmen that France, after asking England to send ships of war to Alexandria, should, when hostile preparations against the allied fleets were being made, leave England unaided to remove the danger. The Chamber might be supposed to be a little sensitive as to the conduct of France. But any painful feelings could be easily removed. M. DE FREYCINET had only to venture on the bold assertion that the initiative in the despatch of the allied fleet to Alexandria came from England. This seems a very strong flight of imagination to any one who has read the English Parliamentary papers, in which the real origin of the proposal is distinctly recorded; but M. DE FREYCINET knew that the French Parliamentary papers reach only to a very distant date, and could be sure that not one in a hundred of his hearers would know the recent history of the French Foreign Office.

The French press, with few exceptions, treated the bombardment as an act which England was quite at liberty to venture on if she pleased. A portion of the German press was inclined to be abusive until the official organs guided it into reason or silence. The Russian press was haunted partly with the idea that the bombardment was somehow antagonistic to Panslavism, and partly with the idea that it was calculated to frustrate a project so eminently acceptable to all the world, of giving the SULTAN a capital on the Nile instead of the capital on the Bosphorus, which he would be delighted to hand over to Russia. It was reserved to the Italian press to be loudly, wildly, irrationally abusive. At the same time this abusive press was quite contented to record the fact that the Italian Ministry did not at all agree with it. The Italians are willing to let their responsible governors decide for them as long as they have the pleasure of saying what they please, and their talk was the talk of men irresponsible, and very new to European politics, who think they were strong and know they were weak, and who are kept in a quiver by finding that their country is never either in nor out of European affairs. Anyhow, it is pleasant to get away from Italian babbling to the speeches of men like M. GAMBETTA and M. CLÉMENTEAU, who each had something to say that was worth hearing and reading. M. GAMBETTA stuck to the text on which he has so often preached, that France must lay a heavy hand on Egypt, in order to tranquillize the Arabs of Algeria. He derided the Egyptian National party, and looked on them as only so many Arabs whose follies had to be knocked out of them in order that other Arabs might be taught to be wise. M. CLÉMENTEAU, on the other hand, expressed his earnest belief in the Egyptian National party. It is, in his eyes, the salt of Egypt, and the grievances on which it insists are real grievances. Opinions like these are worth noticing, not so much on account of their intrinsic value, as because they are the opinions of men who have opinions. Sooner or later the Chamber, or if not the Chamber then the country, will get tired of mere trimming and colourless leaders, and those who can think, speak, and act will come to the top. These opinions may also serve as some faint guide as to what is coming in Egypt. It is not very difficult to conceive how we are to suppress ARABI, how we are to punish the authors of the massacres, how we are to give the KHEDIVE a home and a Ministry at Cairo, or how we are to protect the Canal. The real difficulty is to picture to ourselves what we are to leave behind us when we get away. The revival of the *status quo* is impossible. There was one thing as to which all the French speakers except M. DE CHARMES were agreed, and that was that the joint control is gone for ever. If Egypt is not to be controlled, it must be made independent; and if the KHEDIVE, after having been restored, is left without foreign troops to protect him, he must have something on which to lean; and as the hope is now passed away that he

might lean on the SULTAN and the religious submissiveness of his people, it is difficult to see where he can find support, except in the popular persuasion that he is the true head of those who are filled with such mild aspirations for a more distinct national existence as Egyptians may be capable of feeling or can be permitted or encouraged to entertain.

PUBLIC OFFICES SMUGGLED.

TO refer a Bill irrevocably settling the future of our Public Offices to a hybrid Committee, to take evidence, adopt resolutions, and return the Bill to the House of Commons, and then to hurry that Bill with such express and almost clandestine speed through its remaining stages that it was already considerably advanced in its course through the Upper House before the report and evidence of the Committee of the Commons was printed—is a novel and daring way of dealing with Parliament; but it is not praiseworthy, and it is dangerous, for it extends the principle of the *Clôture* to all expression of opinion.

The policy which we have sketched has been the course adopted by Mr. LEFEVRE in regard to the Public Offices Bill. The object of this measure, as it will be remembered, is to provide for the construction of a new War Office and Admiralty on the site, generally speaking, of the existing Admiralty and some adjacent buildings. The practical reduction of the available sites for future public offices to the Great George Street and the Admiralty sites was the virtual work of Mr. BAILLIE COCHRANE'S Committee in 1877. The so-called Fife House site, on the other side of Whitehall, was, indeed, also mentioned in the Report; but that alternative has, in reality, fallen out of the running. Of these sites, that which is identified with Great George Street has long been the favourite one with the great majority of the persons who have studied the question; and we have done our best from time to time to advance its claims. Nevertheless, in face of the practical needs of permanent offices, and after years of helpless and extravagant procrastination, we were not unwilling to have acquiesced in the Admiralty site, provided the best and not the worst use had been made of it. There is no improvement which public opinion has for time out of mind more imperatively demanded than the opening of St. James's Park to Charing Cross by the extension in a straight line of that noble avenue, the Mall. The golden opportunity for achieving this success had come to the Government when it decided on rebuilding those offices upon the Admiralty site, and it has deliberately thrown the good fortune away while offering to give instead a thoroughfare at an angle which must be destructive of any such vista as that of the whole line of the St. James's Park Avenue from Charing Cross. Such as Mr. LEFEVRE'S plan was it was referred to a hybrid Committee, comprising a representation of the members who are generally understood to interest themselves in questions of metropolitan improvement, while as to their conclusions we have only the jejune minutes of the tardily published Report to guide us. It seems that the preamble of the Bill was passed in a single sitting on June 16, and after the examination of two Government witnesses, but that a considerable portion of the Committee refused to hold itself bound to the details of the scheme, while it was unwilling to do anything which should look like an attempt to delay the rebuilding as a whole. Had it not been for this scruple, it might probably have worked more effectively. As it was, another day, June 20, was spent in deliberation, and at the next meeting, on June 26, Mr. BERESFORD HOPE moved "that the Committee ask leave to make a 'Special Report, with a view to consider an alternative plan.'" This motion was supported by Sir RICHARD WALLACE, Mr. WALTER, Mr. GERARD NOEL, and Mr. BERESFORD HOPE, but opposed by Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD, Sir HENRY SELWYN IBBETSON, Sir ARTHUR OTWAY, Mr. RYLANDS, and Mr. BRAND, and therefore lost. A Memorandum by the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, which somewhat mysteriously appears as an appendix, throws, as we believe, light on this debate. The upshot of this very unsatisfactory paper is that, the laches of successive Governments having allowed the two powerful banks of Messrs. DRUMMOND and Messrs. COCKS and BIDDULPH to rebuild upon ground which ought to have been jealously guarded for the extension of the Mall, that most desirable

improvement can now be only carried out at a cost which Mr. LEFEVRE estimates at an extra quarter of a million, though he has given neither to the public nor to Parliament the opportunity of testing his figures in debate.

The Bill, as we have said, was, under cover of Irish troubles, hustled through the House of Commons with such indecent hurry that the Report, which by all precedent, and according to all the common sense, which is accepted to guide deliberation, should have been waited for, was not distributed till long after the Bill was gone up to the House of Lords. There Lord CAMPBELL's plucky attempt to intercept it and have the question referred to a Select Committee failed for the present, although, as Lord SALISBURY pointed out, the opportunity might come next year to reconsider the matter. As he said, "When the question comes before their lordships next Session in a different shape, the Government ought to consent to the appointment of a Select Committee to examine all the inconveniences that had been represented to their lordships." That shape will be the demand for money to build on the modicum of site which may have been meanwhile acquired. "Better late than never" is a comfort to which we often have to recur. It is for those who care for the credit of British administration and for the improvement of London that these words of Lord SALISBURY shall not be allowed to be forgotten. If nothing more is said or done, the long history of the rebuilding of the public offices will conclude with a fiasco even more pitiful, if possible, than any which has yet marked the successive stages of its tortuous progress.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTING BILL.

THE position held by Irish business in Imperial legislation has never been more conspicuous than in the history of the Electric Lighting Bill. It is a measure of immense practical importance, and it interests a large number of people who have ordinarily a great deal to say for themselves. Yet it has been carried through Committee in a single sitting, and that on a Saturday afternoon, and after scarcely any debate on the second reading. The speed with which the Bill has up to this time been disposed of is in part due to the very great care which has been given to its construction. In this respect, at all events, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is an excellent Minister. He knows what he means a Bill to do, and he takes abundance of trouble to insure that it shall do what he means. But that a measure of this magnitude should have been taken through its most important stage at a Saturday sitting will remain one of the most remarkable incidents in the Session of 1882. The Electric Lighting Bill deals with a subject that is likely soon to concern everybody who has to consider how his house shall be lighted; and it gives the local authorities new and extensive powers in regard to the lighting both of houses and streets. In any ordinary year both these aspects of the Bill would have received ample discussion. The House of Commons would have had to listen to successive prophecies of the certain triumph of electric lighting and of the staying power of gas. When it had at last been recognized that this was a controversy which only the event could decide, the advocates of municipal action and the advocates of private enterprise would have occupied the field for several nights. Every grievance that is stored up in the bosoms of brooding members against grasping Companies or extravagant Corporations would have been laid before Parliament, and the debate would for the time have turned on the merits or demerits of local self-government. The Prevention of Crime Bill and the Arrears Bill have closed these eager mouths. The speeches of Saturday were but a fraction of those which an Electric Lighting Bill would naturally have called forth, and even they were influenced by the knowledge that the House had foregone its Saturday holiday to pass the Bill as it was, and not to listen to reasons why it should be made different. There was only one division throughout the afternoon, and that was on a clause purporting to do what in the opinion of the Government the Bill already does. Every other amendment was suggested only to be withdrawn, and even members who think that the Bill attacks the property of Corporations, and will injure the interests of the public, declined to give the Committee the trouble of dividing. The House was apparently too thankful to the Govern-

ment for allowing it to discuss any English measure whatever to venture to improve upon the boon vouchsafed to it. In such a Session as the present an Electric Lighting Bill is a gift-horse, and it has been gladly allowed the exemption which gift-horses enjoy.

The rapid development of electric lighting made the framing of regulations for dealing with it something very like a necessity. It is unfortunate, however, that the condition of public business virtually left the framing of these regulations to the Board of Trade. Probably there is no one in the House who has a better claim than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to be listened to on matters of this kind. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is too completely identified with one of the two rival interests between which the Bill has to arbitrate to be a perfectly impartial authority on the points in dispute. We are disposed to think that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is right in believing that the supply of such necessities as water and artificial light can best be undertaken by the municipal authorities. Englishmen have long depended for these things upon private Companies, and they are not so well satisfied with the system as to wish to perpetuate it. Still, the change which will be wrought by the Electric Lighting Bill is one of very great magnitude, and as such it deserves very much more careful consideration than it has actually received. The Bill empowers the Board of Trade to license any local authority to supply electricity for any public or private purposes, and the probability is that electricity, unlike gas, will be supplied rather by local authorities than by private Companies. The Board of Trade is, it is true, empowered to grant similar licences to "any Company or person." But when it grants a licence to a local authority, it can do so of its own free will; whereas when it grants a licence to a "Company or person," the consent of "every local authority having jurisdiction within the area, or any part of the area, within which a supply is licensed to be furnished" must first be had. It will not, therefore, be in the power of the Board of Trade to determine whether in any given area a licence for the supply of electricity shall be granted to the local authority or to a private Company. If the local authority chooses to oppose the issue of a licence to any one but themselves, their objection will be final—final, that is to say, as regards authorization by licence. The possible case of a local authority playing the part of dog in the manger, and neither providing electricity themselves nor suffering any one else to provide it, has been foreseen and guarded against. If the consent of the local authorities is not to be had, the Board of Trade may submit to Parliament a provisional order authorizing the supply of electricity within a given area without the consents required for a licence; and it will then rest with Parliament whether or not to confirm this order. Even in this case, however, the local authority has a place of repentance kept open for it. It will be able at any time within fifteen years to buy the Company's property at the same price as if the purchase were made "in the open market at the time." This, at least, is the description which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gives of the intention of the clause; and, as he says that it has been the subject of the most careful consideration, there is some reason to think that it will be found in practice to do this, and yet not to do anything more. However clear the meaning of the clause may be to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, it was not equally clear to the House; for Mr. CROSS moved to substitute a different definition of what the local authority is to pay for, and Sir JOHN LUBBOCK thought that the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE should explain what was meant by the clause. He "presumed that the Government could not mean that the corporations should have the right of purchase at a break-up price"; and that all the amendment sought to establish was that the clause "meant the market value as a going concern." According to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, this is just what the clause does mean; and we can only hope that, if ever the interpretation of the Act is disputed, the opinion of the judges will be the same as that of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE. The limit of fifteen years is a compromise between the seven years originally inserted in the Bill and twenty-one years which have been suggested in the interest of the Companies. As all the large electric light Companies, with one exception, have declared themselves satisfied with the mean suggested by the Select Committee, the object of the clause—"first, not to throw obstructions in the way of the Companies; and secondly, to see that the interests of the public do not suffer through the creation of a large monopoly similar to

"those of the gas and water Companies"—has presumably been attained.

In the great majority of cases, however, we may expect to see lighting by electricity committed to the hands of the local authorities. Two dangers were mentioned on Saturday as likely to follow upon this arrangement—one, that private enterprise will be hampered; the other, that the local authorities will be tempted to expend money raised by rates in too liberal and speculative a way. As the Bill now stands, the first of these objections hardly seems to have as much force as Sir FREDERICK BRANWELL attributes to it in his able letter to the *Times* of yesterday. If the local authorities all over the country are bent upon supplying their constituents with electric light, there will be an active competition among them as to which shall have the best system. In this competition inventors and improvers will find as large a field for the exercise of scientific ingenuity as if their customers were private Companies. The second objection is more serious. No theoretical subordination of Corporations to their constituents can quite dispose of the fact that Corporations do sometimes spend their constituents' money more freely than those who have to contribute it quite like. But the only effectual safeguard against this risk lies in the determination of the ratepayers to hold their representatives responsible for what they do in that character, and to get rid of them if they misapply their powers. If a town is to govern itself, it is impossible to protect it against itself. Common sense suggests that when a number of people live together, they should be allowed to spend the contents of the common chest in such ways as they think will be of advantage to them. If the majority of the ratepayers choose to take no part in the election of those to whom the key of the common chest is entrusted, they have only themselves to blame.

THE DISCONTENT OF THE WHIGS.

"A RETROSPECT of the Session" in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* is evidently written by the typical Whig who has long defended with ability and consistency the doctrines of a respectable and decaying party. Two or three years ago the same writer, in an article on Whig principles, endeavoured, with much ingenuity, to prove that the present Government and the newly-elected Parliament still adhered to the orthodox faith as it was preached to the last generation by the late and the present Lord GREY, by Lord ALTHORP, and by Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Since that time Whig optimists have been compelled by painful experience to acknowledge that all the power of the Cabinet is concentrated in a chief who has nothing in common with any historical party. The "Retrospect" accordingly expresses the judgment which all unprejudiced observers, whatever may be their political connexion, have formed on the temper and conduct of the Government and of its docile majority. The Whig writer still believes in the maxims of political economy, and consequently he disapproves of the Irish legislation with which Parliament has during three Sessions been exclusively occupied. He regards the doctrine that force is no remedy for crime as at the same time wicked and silly, and he even ventures to affirm and to condemn the existence of the famous Kilmainham Treaty. There is perhaps some satisfaction in proving that the policy of the Government is opposed to true Liberal principles, or, in other words, to expediency, to justice, and to the convictions which were unanimously held by the Liberals of former times. Modern Liberals of the Birmingham type would not be inclined to dispute the accuracy of the contrast which is drawn between themselves and their predecessors, although they of course claim for themselves moral and intellectual superiority. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN not long since announced that great political changes were impending, and his party make no secret of their disaffection to almost all existing institutions. The Whigs, on the contrary, professed to be the champions of constitutional right, although they admitted that changes were from time to time required in the machinery of government and administration. The question whether the new Liberals have a moral right to the style and title which they assume is of secondary importance; but the name and good will of the Liberal firm practically belong to the majority which for the time carries on the business. The decline and approaching ex-

tinguishment of Whig influence in the party which calls itself Liberal is much to be regretted; but the future secession of the moderate section will not alter the designation of the remaining majority. The old names of Whig and Tory were more convenient than the argumentative titles of Liberal and Conservative. It is a waste of time to show that certain Liberals are intolerant and bigoted, or that measures promoted by the Conservative party may have revolutionary tendencies. The use of proper names is to identify the persons or bodies to which they are applied, and not to estimate their merits. Lord BEACONSFIELD had the good taste to call himself a Tory and his adversaries Whigs. Mr. GLADSTONE himself always stigmatizes his opponents as Tories, though for good reasons he never pretends to be a Whig. No living politician is more Radical in temper; but Mr. GLADSTONE prefers the colourless name of Liberal.

There can be little doubt that the *Edinburgh Review* on this occasion represents the feelings and opinions of the moderate Liberals in Parliament, and perhaps of some members of the Cabinet. Not one of their number heartily approves of the Land Act, or fails to regard the Arrears Bill as a violation of justice and sound principle. If the dissentients were independent of their constituents, they would long ago have compelled the Government to respect their conscientious scruples; but Mr. GLADSTONE has in reserve means of coercion which would be unhesitatingly used against open mutineers. From time to time the general dissatisfaction vents itself in a casual speech, or even in a defeat of the Government on some minor point; but the malcontents are instantly reminded that they hold their seats on the tenure of voting with the Government. The most virtuous organ of sentimental Liberalism denounces Mr. GLADSTONE's occasional opponents as rebels, in a tone which implies that they ought rather to be punished as profane schismatics. The Reviewer entertains a well-founded dislike of the *Caucuses* which are for the present principally employed in enforcing obedience to Mr. GLADSTONE. He rightly holds that the Constitution is endangered by the pretensions of a self-elected outside Parliament to control the House of Commons. Unfortunately there is little use in proving that a body which exercises considerable power is itself a mischievous anomaly. The latest apologist of the *Caucus* insolently boasts of the proof of its efficiency and influence afforded by the hostility which it has provoked. The Land League may with equal right pride itself on the alarm and indignation which have been caused by its encouragement of outrage and murder. The Jacobin Club and Committee of Public Safety were also entitled to the credit of exciting the reprobation of all but the worst portions of the community. It is not surprising that a genuine Whig disapproves of a Liberal Minister who, with the aid of a trusted colleague, holds over the House of Commons the constant threat of dictation by the *Caucus*.

The protest of the Reviewer against almost every act and tendency of the dominant Liberals stops short of a threat of resistance. Although it is difficult to discern the trace of any exercise of influence by the Whig section of the Cabinet, it is perhaps desirable that the powers of government should not be exclusively exercised by Radicals. The check of the presence of three or four Whigs in the Government may perhaps be unconsciously felt, even when they are restrained by timidity or prudence from opposing dangerous measures. Some of their colleagues might perhaps not be unwilling to precipitate the rupture which is sooner or later inevitable; but Mr. GLADSTONE, though all his sympathies are with the extreme section, may perhaps cling to the obsolete belief in a united Liberal party. It must also be remembered that the electoral power of the moderate section may be found not inconsiderable. At the next election at least half of the Whig voters will withdraw their support from the party, though many of them may not yet be prepared to support Conservative candidates. The Liberal party, notwithstanding its internal dissensions, was never so practically unanimous as in the successful attempt to overthrow Lord BEACONSFIELD. The main issues of the contest of 1880 turned upon foreign politics, which had been the subject of a violent and unscrupulous party agitation. Local leaders who had nothing in common with Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN could vote without compromising their political convictions against Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy in Eastern Europe or in Afghanistan. In consequence the whole strength of the Liberal party was exerted at the poll, with results which afford no cause

for satisfaction. The union between the two sections of Liberals has now been finally dissolved; but it is not yet known whether the Liberal majority in the constituencies will be seriously affected by the secession or conversion of the more intelligent voters. The discipline of the Caucus has at the same time become more stringent, and its baneful organization has been extended over almost all boroughs and over some counties. The probable reaction against the dictation of the party managers has not yet become general; nor has any system of concerted action been arranged between the Conservatives and their natural allies.

The "Retrospect of the Session" might not unnaturally have been combined with a prospect of concerted action among the supporters of liberty and property; but there is no immediate probability of a coalition, though the discontent of temperate Liberals with Mr. GLADSTONE's lawless course is gradually assuming a tangible form. Mr. GOSCHEN is perhaps prematurely designated as the leader of a possible secession; and the Liberals who voted for investing additional powers in the Coercion Bill can scarcely be henceforth reckoned among the indiscriminating followers of Mr. GLADSTONE. Suspicious Radicals have already begun to sneer at the nascent party as a "Cave," forgetting that the former Cave, under the guidance of Mr. LOWE, defeated and overthrew a powerful Ministry. History never exactly repeats itself; and Mr. GOSCHEN is not likely to engage, like Mr. LOWE, in sudden and violent hostility to his former colleagues; but the want of confidence in the Government which is almost universally felt by moderate politicians will probably be represented by an increasing section of the House of Commons. There would be many difficulties in the way of a coalition between the Conservatives and the Whigs. There is no perceptible difference of opinion between Mr. GOSCHEN on one side and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE or Mr. W. H. SMITH on the other; but some of the Conservative leaders would decline any combination which might pledge them to the doctrines of the old Liberal party. Even if the opinions and pretensions of the parties to the supposed coalition could be reconciled, some time must elapse before the constituencies and their local chiefs could be made to understand that they must give loyal support to new allies. There would be little advantage in coalition if the expurgated Radical party after all retained its majority. It is also not certain that the Whigs would be as powerful when they openly opposed the Government as in their present anomalous position of co-operation with the Radicals. It is perhaps desirable that their discontent should find expression in the columns of their recognized organ.

LOCAL OPTION AND SUNDAY CLOSING.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has a fair case against both the Government and the House of Commons. Parliaments and Cabinets have no business to pass Resolutions, and then to shrink from giving effect to them. If more than two years ago the House of Commons was of opinion that a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licences to sell intoxicating liquor ought to be placed in the hands of the inhabitants of each district, the Government should by this time have been ready with a scheme for giving effect to this conviction. There is some reason to believe that the success which originally attended Sir WILFRID LAWSON's efforts to bring the question before Parliament was largely due to a secret assurance on the part of many members that nothing was likely to come of voting for it. The anticipated difficulty of drafting the Bill which was to make the opinion of the House operative emboldened them to declare that such a Bill ought at once to be passed. When 229 votes have been given in support of Sir WILFRID LAWSON's favourite project, it is hardly decent that the debate on the Arrears Bill should be prolonged in order to save the House from being asked to reaffirm its own Resolution. The explanation probably is that a large proportion of these 229 votes were given in deference to the convictions, not of the voter, but of the voter's constituents. Whether Sir WILFRID LAWSON is right or wrong in his belief that "there is no public question which at present excites so much interest among the masses of the people as does the question of local option," there can be little doubt that this belief is shared by many members who do not share Sir WILFRID LAWSON's desire that the masses in ques-

tion should have what they want. To vote in accordance with what they themselves think might endanger their seats; to vote in accordance with what they suppose their constituents to think would be to further the passing of a measure which in their hearts they believe to be mischievous. The compromise that most pleases them is to snatch at any occasion that offers itself for putting off any further discussion of the question. It is not an heroic expedient, but then it is suggested by a temper of mind into which heroism does not largely enter.

Mr. STEVENSON was more fortunate on Wednesday than Sir WILFRID LAWSON had been on Tuesday. That the motion that the English Sunday Closing Bill be read a second time should be talked out was a matter of course. Motions of this kind are usually talked out until such time as the Government is persuaded to take them up. But Mr. STEVENSON did something more than secure a debate; he proved that his proposal had, or was supposed to have, sufficient popular support to make the Government unwilling to oppose it. Upon a question so closely connected with police, the HOME SECRETARY might have been expected to have an opinion. Upon a question so closely connected with the revenue, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER might have been expected to have an opinion. But the debate began, continued, and ended without the opinion of any member of the Government being communicated to the House. There was a moment, indeed, at which it seemed as though the Secretary to the Local Government Board was about to give an opinion; and it appears from a remark of Mr. GIBSON's that the Minister in question did go the length of consulting his chiefs as to the propriety of rushing in where they had feared to tread. But he evidently returned with orders to say nothing that could commit the Government, and it would have been impossible to carry out these orders more accurately than Mr. HIBBERT did. What he seemed chiefly anxious to do was to show that Mr. STEVENSON's object might be better attained by another kind of Bill than Mr. STEVENSON'S. Why, for example, should a Sunday Closing Bill include the whole of England? There is no objection, in Mr. HIBBERT'S judgment, to dealing with the question piecemeal. A Bill has been brought in this Session for Sunday closing in Cornwall, and the feeling in favour of Sunday closing is much stronger in the North than in the South. The collocation of these two statements leaves us in doubt whether the Secretary to the Local Government Board is under the impression that Cornwall is a northern county, or merely meant the House to infer that a more stringent measure of the same kind might shortly be expected from Yorkshire. On the whole, therefore, he was in favour of Sunday closing, but not for the particular measure of Sunday closing contemplated by Mr. STEVENSON. Mr. HIBBERT'S speech was excellently calculated to convince supporters of the Bill that the Government is open to pressure. The usual machinery by which an apparent public opinion is created will doubtless be resorted to with increased vigour, and unless the Liberal party develops an unexpected amount of backbone it will not be long before Ministers will themselves propose to close public-houses on Sundays, except in those places where the drinking element in the population is sufficiently strong to make interference with its pleasures a matter of some danger.

Where Sunday closing is concerned, the *bond fide* traveller seems to come in for the moral disapproval which in the alcoholic controversy generally is reserved for the moderate drinker. The advocates of compulsory abstinence know very well that, if the world could only be divided into those who drink nothing and those who drink too much, their work would be very much easier. If none but confirmed drunkards ever entered a public-house, public-houses would have no defenders. Nor would the argument against Sunday closing come home to nearly so many people as it does if those who frequent public-houses on that day habitually came from over the way. A man's abstract right to go to a public-house may be wholly unaffected by the number of miles that are interposed between it and his home; but the thirst of a man who has started on the Sunday morning for a ten miles' walk enlists more popular sympathy than the thirst of a man who does not leave his own house until the blissful moment when the doors of the tavern opposite are opened to receive him. The true lovers of Sunday closing, therefore, would like

nothing so much as to suppress the *bonâ fide* traveller. As a prelude to suppressing him, they are beginning to throw doubt upon his existence. Sir JOSEPH PEASE declares that he believes the *bonâ fide* traveller to be a *bonâ fide* humbug. Probably he has arrived at this conclusion by the convenient method of taking an impossible standard of travelling, and then denying the name of traveller to all who do not come up to it. No doubt, if no one who goes by railway on a Sunday is a traveller; if no one who uses an omnibus on a Sunday is a traveller; if no one who takes out his bicycle on a Sunday is a traveller—the number of *bonâ fide* claimants to the title will be so much reduced that Sir JOSEPH PEASE's scepticism may be justified. But, in the large sense of a man who goes far enough from his home to be hungry and thirsty, the number of *bonâ fide* travellers on Sunday is in many parts of England very large indeed, and no adequate reason has yet been assigned why their hunger and thirst should go unsatisfied so long as publicans can be found who are ready to sell them what they want. Mr. STEVENSON shows some sense of the difficulty that attends this part of the subject by making no mention of the *bonâ fide* traveller. The Bill, he said, leaves him as he now is, and does not in any way touch the vexed question of his rights and convenience. How much attention Mr. STEVENSON really proposes to pay to these rights and convenience may be judged from another sentence in his speech. He asked the House to pass the Bill on the ground that it would confer a special benefit on those employed in public-houses by enabling them to take a complete advantage of the day of rest. But if everybody employed in public-houses takes complete advantage of the day of rest, what is to become of the *bonâ fide* traveller? He will retain, Mr. STEVENSON may reply, the rights and convenience which he now enjoys. But the difference will be that whereas he can now enjoy them inside a public-house, he must, if Mr. STEVENSON's Bill becomes law, enjoy them outside. If the landlord, the potboy, and the barmaid are all engaged in taking complete advantage of the day of rest, the *bonâ fide* traveller will soon discover that the ability to get a pint of beer is not among the rights which have been reserved to him. If, on the other hand, Mr. STEVENSON really means to leave the *bonâ fide* traveller as he finds him, he may as well withdraw his Bill. What will be the gain to those engaged in public-houses if they have to enjoy their day of rest within call of every chance traveller that may pass? Mr. STEVENSON's Bill has the common fault of measures of this kind. He knows that if it is not tyrannical it must be inoperative, but he is willing to leave it inoperative in the first instance in order to have a better chance of making it tyrannical by and by.

WORKMEN'S TRAINS.

THE various and almost contradictory powers attributed to the elephant's trunk and the steam hammer have at length been found united in a mere human being like ourselves. The Chairman of the South-Eastern Railway has shown within the last few weeks that he is as well able to pick up a pin as to uproot a forest tree. The latter feat is as nothing to the projector of the Channel Tunnel. To destroy the maritime supremacy of England is with him a mere after-luncheon exploit. On Monday he was equally prepared to screw an extra twopence out of a working-man's pocket. The South-Eastern Railway Company is now applying to Parliament for leave to make certain extensions in its suburban system, and to widen the lines it already has. The local authorities of one of the districts which are playfully said to be "served" by the Company have moved the Metropolitan Board of Works to get a clause inserted in the Bill by which provision shall be made for the running of workmen's trains at times and fares to be settled, in the event of disagreement, by the Board of Trade. Considering how many persons of the class which travels by these trains the South-Eastern Railway has been the means of turning out of their homes, this does not seem a very extravagant request to address to Parliament. If Sir EDWARD WATKIN had been able to take his lines wherever he wishes without coming to the Legislature for help, he might fairly contend that it is not his business to carry working-men to and from London except on terms which he thinks sufficiently remunerative. But there are limits even to Sir EDWARD WATKIN's omnipotence, and if Parliament had not intervened on his behalf, the many metropolitan extensions of the South-Eastern Railway

would never have been made. Nothing could be done without compulsory powers, and compulsory powers were not to be had without the consent of Parliament. It is the business, therefore, of Parliament to consider what inconvenience or suffering has been caused by the exercise of these powers. By rights this inquiry ought to have taken a different shape; it ought to have been taken in hand earlier, and to have been directed not to ascertaining what inconvenience has been caused, but what inconvenience was likely to be caused, by the wholesale evictions to which Parliament was asked to consent. Until late years, however, there has been too much carelessness on this head, and when Parliament at length awoke to a sense of the duties it owed to those whom it dispossessed of their homes without so much as stopping to ask how and where they were to find others, it discovered that the power of interfering effectually had gone from it. The lines were already made, the tenants of the destroyed houses had disappeared, and unless the South-Eastern Railway Company should be driven to have occasion to come to Parliament again, nothing could be done to remedy the mischief.

With such a Chairman as Sir EDWARD WATKIN there was not much doubt that the desired opportunity would present itself. In his opinion a capital account should never be closed, except as a prelude to the opening of another, and among the Private Bill notices for 1883 was one on behalf of the South-Eastern Railway. The Plumstead authorities saw their chance. The district is largely inhabited by working-men who have to go to London every morning for their day's labour. They have not come to Plumstead by any choice of their own. There are many things which make it convenient for a working-man to have his home near his work, and left to themselves these Plumstead workmen would much rather have been allowed to live in London. But the railway authorities, Sir EDWARD WATKIN among the number, had ruled otherwise, and not being able to find lodgings in London, they have been forced to come to Plumstead. But for the difficulty of getting to their work, they would come there in much greater numbers. As it is, those that are willing to crowd together in London, with small thought either of health or decency, go on doing so, while those who think the pig a bad model come to Plumstead and other similar places, and put up, as they best can, with the loss and inconvenience occasioned by the want of workmen's trains at convenient hours. When it was known that Parliament was to be asked to give new powers to the South-Eastern Railway Company, the Plumstead authorities determined that, if they could help it, these powers should not be given except in return for some concession to the wants of their constituents. These wants are not in themselves extravagant. They are summed up in the provision of workmen's trains to and from London at hours when working-men need to use them, and at fares which they can afford to pay. This is all that they ask, but it is a great deal more than Sir EDWARD WATKIN is prepared to give. Rather than submit to such confiscation of the Company's property, he will withdraw the Bill. This seems to have been the substance of his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, and, strange to say, the Committee has been moved by it. The answer that ought to have been returned to him was obvious enough. These—the Committee should have said—are the terms on which alone the further aid of Parliament ought, in our opinion, to be given, and if these terms are not to your mind, you can please yourself as to withdrawing the Bill. But a railway Chairman is a potentate before whose frown Select Committees are apt to tremble, and this particular Select Committee seems to have been no exception to the rule. They wished, however, not to make their surrender look abject, and with this view they have devised a compromise. They have inserted a clause in the Bill by which the South-Eastern Railway is directed to run the required trains; but the operation of the clause is limited to two years. They had better have left it out altogether than inserted it with this restriction. If they had left it out, they would only have shown great indifference to a very pressing want on the part of a large number of poor men. By inserting it in its present form, they have shown an equal indifference to this want, and they have contrived to make themselves ridiculous into the bargain.

The reason which is understood to have guided the Committee in suggesting this extraordinary compromise is that, by the time that the two years are over, the working-

men who now live at Plumstead will have had time to move their homes nearer to their work, and thus to make workmen's trains no longer necessary. The Committee have seemingly come to their conclusion in entire ignorance of all that has been said and written in the course of the long controversy that has arisen out of the Artisans and Labourers' Dwellings Acts. Throughout that controversy the necessity of making large provision for dwellings of this kind in the suburbs of London has been universally admitted. There have been two opinions as to the propriety of making other provisions which should increase the accommodation for the working classes within the metropolis; but no one has denied that, when everything that either legislation or private enterprise can hope to achieve in this way has had full allowance made for it, the larger part of the working classes of London must still live at a distance from their work which will make an ample provision of workmen's trains indispensable. It will be said, no doubt, that, if this ample provision is to be made, it should be made at the cost of the community and not of the railway Companies. To do otherwise would be to subject these Companies to special and perhaps ruinous taxation, and to apply socialist doctrines with regard to property in an exaggerated and most mischievous form. Undoubtedly, if it were proposed to pass an Act compelling railway Companies generally to run workmen's trains at a loss, the scheme would fairly deserve this description. But in the present case it is a simple matter of bargaining. The South-Eastern Railway wants something that only Parliament can give, and Parliament, not being bound to give it at all, has a right to make its own terms before consenting to invest the Company with powers which it cannot get for itself. Of course if Sir EDWARD WATKIN insists upon withdrawing the Bill, he has a right to do so. Parliament cannot compel him to accept these additional powers, except at the price which he thinks it worth while to pay for them. With this prospect before them, it was for the Select Committee to weigh the gain to the community generally consequent on the passing of the Bill against the gain to the dispossessed working classes likely to accrue from adopting the demand of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and making all future railway extensions in the neighbourhood of London absolutely dependent on the willingness of the Companies to meet the wants of those of the working classes who are forced to live in the suburbs. The decision of the Committee might have inclined to either of these alternatives with no reflection upon their good sense. The compromise they have adopted makes it plain that they have failed to take in the most elementary and best-ascertained facts which bear upon the question they have had to decide. Their labour has been wasted as regards the House of Commons, and worse than wasted as regards themselves.

ROMAN TRACES ON THE RIVIERA.

THIS sunny strip of coast-land which we Italian-wise call the Riviera, while the French call it the Littoral, highly favoured as it has been by the hand of nature, has had a sorry time of it at the hands of man. The blessings of constant floods of sunshine, and of a soil so fertile that it seems indifferent to drought, have not brought unmixed good to the original possessors. Century after century the good things thus showered upon them excited the cupidity of their neighbours, and they fell a prey to one invading horde after another. First within historical times we find the Romans, drawn by the goodness of the land, entering it as masters. This conquest brought nothing but advantage. The graces of civilization were added to heighten the original charms of nature. But when the country had become as thoroughly Romanized as Rome itself, it was trodden down by the barbarians, pillaged, ravaged, and reduced to ruin. Next the Saracens came swooping down on the coast, robbing churches and convents, where alone some traces of the better times still lingered, carrying off gangs of Christians into slavery, and finally perching themselves on the pointed insulated hills that offered such tempting sites, swooping down from these fastnesses ever and anon, like birds of prey, upon the valleys, and again so swiftly retreating with their plunder to the refuge of their lofty eyries that there was no time to think of a reprisal. And when at last these wasps' nests were taken, still the land suffered from the corsairs of the Mediterranean and from the quarrels of the neighbouring princes, and was fought for and over in most unenviable wise. Our own eccentric century has at last turned the tables. From being plundered the natives have now learned to plunder in their turn, only instead of making raids upon their neighbours, they have only to sit quietly at home while invading armies of simple strangers, with well-filled purses and open hands, of their own free will cast themselves for a prey into their teeth.

Very unmistakable traces of the Roman occupation have survived all these social disturbances, and they are to be found in situations differing most widely in character. In the most fashionable quarter of a much frequented winter city one may see the remnants of an amphitheatre encircling the villas which desecrate its arena. Or again, in the depth of some secluded valley, only accessible by a footpath, and miles from any haunt of man, suddenly there crop up through the pine trees the lofty piers and crumbling arches of one of the great aqueducts, by means of which the Romans pressed the mountain streams into the service of the seaports. The line of the great road, the Via Aurelia, that led from Rome to Arles has unfortunately been lost, so that it is impossible to identify positively any now existing towns as the stations upon that road. For some reason or other the sites that seemed good in the eyes of the Romans are not approved of by modern eyes. Nice and its companion Cimiez form a notable exception to this rule. Antibes, the port of Neptune, that was called Antipolis because it was built over against Nice, has not been so lucky. Though still used as a garrison on account of its fortifications, it is but a poor dirty place, that all modern improvements, railway station included, seem to keep as far away from as they can. But nearly every town, village, or dilapidated chateau, which is left stranded in its native dirt on its peculiar hilltop while the tide of renovation passes it unheeded, has some relics to show proving that it once was honoured with Roman occupation. These are of the most varied kind. They may be the foundation of a tower or a wall or stumpy bits of columns, or an ancient sarcophagus used as a well trough, or a votive tablet with an illegible inscription, or perhaps only a few scraps of pipes or pottery. All these treasures combined are to be met with at Vence, the ancient "Vocontium." Vence is one of those places that have gone down in the world while its neighbours have been rising. After Nice, it was the most important Roman station in the district. It was very early the seat of a bishopric, and has a peculiar patron saint—a Roman, too, as the sarcophagus in which he was buried, still to be seen under the altar in the cathedral, very plainly shows. And at Vence may be seen two ancient columns with Latin inscriptions, brought in very early days from Marseilles. But the fate of the pair is a striking instance of the caprice of fortune, for while one stands erect, topped with a capital, in the square outside the church, the other has been used to prop up the pent-house of the public washing trough. Here and there in the streets are scraps of carving and inscriptions, and a quantity of more or less broken stonework, in the form of miliary stones, votive slabs, and altars, fragments of mutilated figures and pillars, all huddled together in a little courtyard, to be reached in such a roundabout way that the stranger may seek for it in vain unless he fall in with some good-natured townsman willing to act as his guide. In the middle ages the glory of Vence was its cathedral, and its bishop was a person of importance. With the union of the see to that of Grasse under Godeau that glory departed. But the cathedral still stands, and is a very interesting "monument," as the French delight to call any building that is larger than its fellows. Tradition says that a Pagan temple to Mars and Cybele was replaced by the Christian church some time towards the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, and that on the foundations of that the present church now stands. The greater part of the cathedral in its existing shape is not older than the thirteenth century, though the columns are probably of much older date. The characteristic features of the building are that it has five naves, and that the choir, instead of being in the usual place, is exalted on a gallery at the west end. It is fitted up with handsome carved wooden stalls, fifty-one in number, said to date from the reign of Louis XI. At a little distance from the town there is a "Calvary"—that is to say, a rocky path leading up a steep ascent to a chapel at the top. All along this path the "Stations of the Cross" are represented by groups of figures life-size, roughly hewn out in wood and gaudily coloured and absurdly clothed. Until quite lately an old priest, known as the "père gardien," lived in a ruinous tenement hard by and took care of the Calvary, and was credited with saying the due amount of masses and services in the chapel. But now he is dead, no one has taken his place, and no one seems to care how soon the Calvary tumbles to decay. Vence lies half-way between Grasse and Nice. In old times, when one went to Nice by posting from Grenoble, as it lay on the high road, it must have been one of the customary halting-places, and doubtless saw many strangers pass that way. Now, however, it is left quite deserted, both by road and railroad, for the line follows the coast, and Vence lies many miles inland at the base of the mountains. The station for it is at Cagnes, a town near the sea, but no carriages are to be had there beyond an omnibus of a very mean type, and as the road runs uphill nearly the whole way the drive is a very long and a very weary one. Travellers who dread such an ordeal would do well to go by carriage from Grasse. The excursion there and back can be easily done in a day. The drive from Grasse is very pretty and interesting, passing the wild gorge of the "Saut du Loup" and the peak-perched Saracen holds of Gourdon and Les Tourettes, the latter with its rock foundations quite concealed by the wild luxuriance of aloes, recalling the memory of the children of the desert who first founded it.

Also within a day's reach of Grasse, but lying westward, is the so-called "barrage" of the Siagne. This is the beginning of the great aqueduct, which may still be traced, now by perfect arches, now by piers more or less entire, almost everywhere by at least their stumps, many kilometres across country to Fréjus. This

city was a great place in its day. It would take a lively imagination to see any likeness between the names Fréjus and Friuli, yet they are identical, both being the modern forms of Forum Julii, the name the Romans gave to these two widely distant emporiums. The Mediterranean Forum Julii was a seaport with a harbour, so large that Octavius moored his whole fleet there after the battle of Actium. The harbour is now filled up with silted soil, and covered with vineyards and oliveyards. Beyond these lies the sea, which is now nothing more to the old town than a broad band of blue in the distance. Some three miles off on its edge lies St. Raphael, now aspiring to a place among winter stations. But the many Roman traces of Fréjus deserve to be treated of at greater length, and we must now notice one of the grandest of the landmarks left on this coast.

Another station has now been added to the many stopping-places on the line of rail that winds along the coast from Marseilles to Genoa. This new halting point lies between Eza and Monaco, and is dubbed Turbia-sur-Mer. It thus makes it easy to reach a new spot in this much-sought-after region, and doubtless another season will see the usual eruption of villas displacing the olive-trees in its near neighbourhood. At present, however, the use of the station is to bring supplies within easier reach of the fortifications which the French have just completed on the Testa da Cane, the hill that overlooks Monaco at the height of 1,000 metres above the sea. Sixteen kilometres of excellent road have been made to connect the fortress and the station. The name Turbia has been borrowed from the little town that lies high up the mountain in a fold of its eastern side. Quaint as are all the hill towns of this region, Turbia surpasses them all. The streets are lined with arcades, supported by the pointed arch instead of the round form almost invariably hereabouts. The high driving road from Nice to Mentone passes through Turbia, but it may be reached on foot by a path which climbs the mountain side among the olive-trees from Monaco.

The Turbia itself, the tower which has given its name to the pass, the town, and the new station, is an imposing ruin occupying a position five hundred and twenty-two metres above the sea-level, conspicuous alike from sea and land, and commanding the whole line of the coast from Nice to Ventimiglia. Archaeologists are much divided as to the origin of the name and the original purpose of the ruin. Some trace it in the hands of the Phœnicians, and maintain that it was a temple to their god Melkarth, for whose worship just such an elevated site was always chosen. They suppose the temple to have been the seat of a famous oracle, which was only effectually silenced by St. Honorat, as related by the Provençal poet Raymond Férand in his metrical life of the Saint. Hence, they contend, the Provençal name "Turris Beata," now cut down into "Turbia." The most probable theory, however, certainly is that Turbia is a corruption of "Tropæa," and that we see in this anomalous ruined mass the remains of the "Tropæa," or Trophy of Augustus, erected by the Senate on a summit of the Alps to perpetuate the memory of his entire subjugation of the Gauls. The advocates of the Melkarth theory suggest that the temple already standing was utilized for this purpose by the Romans to save themselves the trouble of constructing a new tower. However that may be, the ruins as they now stand certainly bear the stamp of Roman energy, though they have suffered the usual mutilation and additions consequent on being used as a fortress in the middle ages. Originally the lower part of the tower must have been an open arcade composed of thirteen pilasters, or masses of solid masonry composed of huge blocks of stones laid one upon the other without mortar. It is singular that the spaces between these pilasters, instead of being arched after the Roman manner, are bridged over by a horizontal level entablature of large blocks of the same form placed edgewise. The spaces between the pillars are filled in with rubble and masonry, evidently of a much later date. This makes it difficult to make out the original design. The top is now surmounted by a tower with mediæval battlements of the fourteenth century, and buttresses of masonry, evidently designed to strengthen the building, have been added to it at the sides. It seems most probable, however, that it was originally simply a round monument, the lowest story of which was surrounded by an open gallery or portico. Tradition points to the Turbia as the quarry from which marble columns and sculptures were taken for the decoration of churches and palaces in Genoa, Monaco, and Nice. A colossal statue of Augustus is said to have been placed on the top, and it is supposed that it was surrounded by statues of his victorious generals. In 1583 the Père Boyer asserts that he found here a colossal head of Augustus, but, if he did, all trace of it has been lost. But in the end of the last century a mutilated head, supposed to belong to a statue of Drusus, was found here. It is now in the Museum at Copenhagen.

La Torre de gran bastiment,
Au payras de gran cayradura.
E obras d'antiqua figura
Colonnas de marmes pesanz—

are the words in which Raymond Férand describes it in the thirteenth century, and though the marble columns and the towering statue have long since disappeared, the "pierres de grande carrière" are still to be seen in this the most striking of all the Roman remains of the Riviera.

"A NICE MARALITY—STAP MY VITALS!"

THERE are still some people, it is currently reported, who read English literature, and to some of these my Lord Foppington's final remark must certainly have suggested itself last Monday. With Mr. Bright's action in resigning nobody could find any fault except that it seemed to come a little late. But the dialogue on the subject which took place between him and Mr. Gladstone perhaps afforded a rather more evident handle to captious criticism. Somebody who has nothing better to do should really make a collection of the remarks of resigning Ministers, with the comments of those whom they have left. Such a collection, for the display of the peculiar quality which for want of an English name we must call *aigre-doux*, would have no equal in literature. In the case of Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone the *doux* was very strong and the *aigre* comparatively weak; while on the most recent occasion of the exhibition of a similar compound (that in which Mr. Forster and Mr. Gladstone were the persons concerned) the *doux* was remarkably weak and the *aigre* remarkably strong. Nothing much more touching than Mr. Bright's reply to the unkind public writer who suggested that he might have made up his mind a little sooner could well be imagined. "She is so distractingly beautiful," says the young man in the novel. "My profound regard for my right honourable friend at the head of the Government induced me to remain with him to the last possible moment," says Mr. Bright. The fascinations of Mr. Gladstone appear to be rapidly becoming not only the *ultima*, but the *prima* and the *sola ratio*, of what is pleased to call itself Liberalism. "All for love, and the moral law well lost," is not quite Mr. Bright's motto; but he is prepared to sink the moral law for nearly a week in order to exchange a long and lingering farewell with his chief. Does any Liberal feel a qualm about the Caucus? His profound regard for Mr. Gladstone ought to serve as a cordial and carminative at once. Is he a little dubious whether it is wise to instruct the Irish police, on discovering, say, six murderers, red-handed after dark, to inquire politely, "Gentlemen, are you a secret society?" and, on receiving a negative reply, to bow and retire? Let him think on his profound regard for Mr. Gladstone; and, as happened in the case of Mr. Brand, his due foot will never fail to seek the right lobby. Is the propriety of reducing Irish rents twenty-five per cent. all round questionable? Mr. Gladstone would never allow it if it were. The excursive memory once more discovers a parallel in the realms of fiction. When Mr. Midshipman Easy had let the convicts loose on the coast of Sicily (a proceeding not unlike Mr. Gladstone's at Alexandria), he felt uncomfortable. But his friend Gascoigne was equal to the emergency. "Captain's orders, Jack!" was all he replied to each expression of remorse; and "Captain's orders, Jack!" appears to be the sole reply of all Caucuses, Government newspapers, and such-like referees when unhappy members of Parliament manifest symptoms of dubiety.

On this occasion, however, Jack seems to have found captain's orders, and even the delight of abiding in the society of the captain himself, insufficient to salve his conscience. "For forty years" Mr. Bright "has endeavoured to teach his countrymen that the moral law is intended, not only for individual life, but for the life and practice of States"; in this case Mr. Bright thought the moral law had been violated, and so he had to go. Far be it from us or from any honourable man to find fault with Mr. Bright for this conclusion. We are not even very careful to dwell much longer on the fact that, though he may, in Colonel John Hay's words, have "seen his duty, a derved clear thing," it cannot be quite said that, like that poet's hero, he "went for it there and then." But he did go for it sooner or later, and it would be uncommonly well for all of us if as much could be said of our life and conversation invariably. If, however, there is a slight touch of comedy in the notion of what somebody calls the "wise adult conscience," hesitating between the moral law and the fascinations of Mr. Gladstone, we cannot help that. The starry heavens above and the moral law within used to be held by stern philosophers to be subjects for peculiar wonder and awe. To them has now to be added the political convenience of the right hon. gentleman the member for Midlothian. But the comedy of the situation by no means ceases here. It is "a nice marality, stap my vitals!" which makes a man hesitate between the moral law and Mr. Gladstone, because he could be so very happy with either, and so much happier in ethical Mormonism with both. But it is a nicer which is revealed in Mr. Gladstone's reply. With a unanimity a little suggestive of the locutions of comic operettas he too protests his reverence for the moral law. The utterance would probably be printed thus in the libretto—

He thinks } that the moral law is intended, &c.
I think }

Chorus of Cabinet Ministers—We think that the moral law is intended.

But then there is the all-important question of the minor premiss. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright unanimously enounce the proposition that a breach of the moral law is a thing not to be thought of; but on the point "this is a breach of the moral law" they are hopelessly at variance. Indeed there is a tone of tender reproach in Mr. Gladstone's retort; which does not, however, prevent it from being a very sensible one, and from conveying a very important, though in Mr. Gladstone's hands a rather awkward and double-edged moral. "We dispute the application," says Mr. Gladstone. Quite so. That is what people who are always

dragging the moral law in where the moral law has no business invariably do. Their liberal abstract assertions of the finest and nicest morality never prevent them from doing any particular act that they have a fancy to do. They dispute the application, and there's an end of the impertinent intrusion of the moral law. When Mr. Gladstone wishes to invoke that entity he does it freely, and with the finest effect—generally in a sentence beginning, "O gentlemen." When it does not suit him he contents himself with disputing the application. "A nice morality," again, as Lord Foppington, if he were happily alive now, would undoubtedly observe.

But it is not possible for anybody properly to enjoy this performance at the Theatre Royal, St. Stephen's (a house which, though its seasons are short, and it is a little too much given to keeping the same piece long on the boards, has been the home of true comedy for many a hundred years), without comparing Act I. on Wednesday week with Act II. on Monday. There was more nice morality on the first occasion, and it was morality in the indignant mood, which is even more effective, not to say more amusing, than the soft plaintiveness of Monday's dialogue. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright are not, thank heaven! the only proper moral men in the House of Commons. There is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, a man of gigantic moral stature, with an ethical spear like Ithuriel's. Now it is such a rare enjoyment to find oneself sympathizing with Sir Wilfrid, and such a peculiar and exquisite jest to be able to drink his health cordially, that his behaviour on Wednesday week certainly should not be lost. It is needless to say that we do not think with Sir Wilfrid Lawson that the bombardment of Alexandria was a dishonour to the country, &c. &c.; but we do think that Sir Wilfrid, as a consistent man, was bound to think so, and we do know very clearly who would have thought with Sir Wilfrid if Lord Beaconsfield had been at the Treasury and Lord Salisbury at the Foreign Office. It is so impossible to better Sir Wilfrid's lively portraiture of what would have happened in that case that we shall not attempt it. His enlarged translation of *multi pertransiissent*, his description of the way in which Sir William Harcourt and Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain would have stumped and moved and caucused, and in which Mr. Gladstone himself would have harangued out of railway carriage windows, has the *verve* of an earlier day, and shows that if Sir Wilfrid would drop temperance and such-like hackneyed things, and take up something else, he might once more be amusing. But the real point of the whole tirade was not nearly so much the artistic excellence of its form as the absolute truth of its matter. One really expected some candid scholar, say Mr. Trevelyan, on the Treasury benches, to remember his *Lysistrata* and ejaculate *καὶ γὰρ ἐμὲν νῆ Δία*. But it is not surprising that Mr. Gladstone did not like it. The allusion to the railway trains was not reverent, and when one has been treated as a Grand Lama for a long time, and has veteran politicians hesitating at the very moment between the moral law and one's own *beaux yeux*, irreverence is particularly unpleasant. There is no need to go into Mr. Gladstone's speech in detail. He was on his mettle; and, when he is on his mettle, his speeches are not often devoid of oratorical and debating merit. He made very clever use, too (as his followers in the press, taking the cue from him, have since done), of the undoubted fact that he is not personally committed to the doctrine of absolute non-intervention. But we are now concerned with the important moral aspect of these interesting transactions, and with that aspect only. On this score Mr. Gladstone, we fear, can hardly be said to have satisfied severe critics. His suggestion that the "unavenged" victims of the massacre called for the bombardment is one with which we thoroughly agree. But how does it look from the point of moral law, and moral law only? But the point is still not reached. That point is that, as Sir Wilfrid Lawson urged unanswerably, the whole Gladstonian party, with its august leader at its head, would have run about shrieking with rage and horror if such a thing as the bombardment of Alexandria had been attempted by the late Government. This is not denied; it is not deniable. Everybody will admit that the justification of the Afghan war, of the Zulu war, and of this Egyptian matter—which, according to Mr. Gladstone, is not a war—are subjects for argument, and that different opinions may honestly be held on them. But this was not the line that Mr. Gladstone, and Sir William Harcourt, and their tail took three years ago. The Afghan and the Zulu wars were not errors of political judgment; they were breaches of the moral law. There was no "disputing the application" then. In short, what the whole thing comes to is simply this—that a Liberal Government may steal a horse, while a Tory Government may not look over the wall. This is what Sir Wilfrid urged; this is what Mr. Gladstone did not answer; this is what all but his most audacious followers have been discreetly silent about. For Tories, the rigour of the moral law; for Liberals, or at least Gladstonians, benefit of clergy. In the one case national rights, popular aspirations, and the like, are to be inviolable; in the other discretion is to be used as deciding the point whether they are national rights and whether they are popular aspirations. In short, two weights and two balances. So we may wind up with a fuller extract from Vanbrugh, for the passage is really admirably applicable to those admirers of righteousness pure and simple who have cast in their lot, for better for worse, with Mr. Gladstone. "Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prythee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb! You have married a woman prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality, stap my vitals!"

THE HAMILTON SALE.

THE sale of the Hamilton pictures came to an end on Saturday, July 8, with a mixture of Dutch, Flemish, French, Spanish, and English works. The nation was again a purchaser. A full-length portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, by Velasquez, 6½ feet high, and 3 feet 8 inches wide, was purchased for the National Gallery at 6,000 guineas. It is a fine portrait, and good examples of Velasquez always command good prices; but this was an immense price, and the picture could scarcely be called one of the bargains of the sale. The representatives of the National Gallery also purchased a small picture of the interior of a house, by Steenwyck. Several good pictures by this artist have been sold during the Hamilton sale, and it would have been most unfortunate if the nation had failed to secure one of them; for Steenwyck certainly ought to be represented in the National Gallery, and the work selected was not very dear at 195 guineas, although it was only 8½ inches by 12 in size. It may, however, be an open question whether it is quite so good a picture as "The Interior of a Church" that was bought by Mr. Denison at the same price. The commissioner for the National Gallery of Ireland purchased a fine work by N. Poussin of the Entombment. As we have seven pictures by Nicolas Poussin in Trafalgar Square, we ought not to grudge this example of the master to Dublin, otherwise we could have wished it to remain in the London gallery. The dead body is very truthful, without being in the least offensive; and the figure of Joseph of Arimathea is painted with great power. The contrast between life and death is most forcibly drawn, and the intense sadness of the entire group is very striking. The colouring of Nicolas Poussin is never, perhaps, entirely satisfactory; but, as a specimen of his best work, this picture is scarcely surpassed, and it was by no means dear at 480 guineas. For the National Portrait Gallery of England a large picture was purchased at 2,400 guineas. It represents eleven English and Spanish statesmen sitting at an oblong table. The picture has a signature, but its real authorship is most doubtful. A small picture by Murillo, 25 inches by 20, of "The Infant Christ, Sleeping," brought in 2,300 guineas. The work undoubtedly has its merits, but the child's figure is not at all what the subject would lead one to expect. We have seldom, if ever, seen a dearer picture sold. A landscape by Claude, that had once been sold for 1,123*l.*, now brought in only 800 guineas; but it was in bad condition, and it had been injured in some former cleaning. David's portrait of Napoleon is worth very little as a work of art; but, being interesting from an historical point of view, it sold for 360 guineas. A landscape by Gainsborough, something like a foot square, in a terribly bad state, was bought by a very astute judge for 160 guineas. The same purchaser gave 1,000 for a picture by R. Wilson, and 310 for an excellent little portrait (11½ inches by 9), signed by L. Cranach, and dated 1561. An interesting portrait of Cardinal Stuart, by Blanchet, although but a moderate picture, brought in 1,300 guineas; and a striking portrait of the Duke of Alva, assigned to Coello, went for 400. A small picture, 25 inches by 20, of Catherine Parr, attributed to Holbein, was sold for 800 guineas. The total return of the day's sale amounted to 33,562*l.* 4*s.* The pictures sold at the Hamilton sale, exclusive of miniatures, produced more than 123,000*l.*, a sum which exceeded that received for Prince Demidoff's pictures; but no single picture belonging to the Duke of Hamilton was sold for as high a price as Prince Demidoff's Hobbema, which realized more than 8,000*l.* The highest price obtained for a single portrait was much the same at both sales, a Vandyck at San Donato fetching 6,000*l.*, and a Velasquez at the Hamilton sale bringing in an equal number of guineas.

The ebony cabinets, inlaid with black and gold lacquer, and mounted with ormolu by Gouthière, were the chief objects of interest at the sale on Monday, July 10. Their ormolu work was as good as that of the beautiful little writing-table that had been sold for 6,000 guineas on the third day of the sale; but, although the lacquer of their panels was exceedingly fine, it was not to be compared to the exquisite inlaying of Riesener on the Marie Antoinette table. The first of the trio was a cabinet 5 feet 1 inch high, having an oval plaque of ormolu in the centre, surrounded by wreaths of flowers in very sharp relief. It is a beautiful work, and 5,200 guineas were paid for it. The next cabinet was still more richly decorated with Gouthière's work; but, good as it is, 9,000 guineas seemed an immense price. The last of the three cabinets, though rather different in shape, was of equally rich workmanship, and 9,000 guineas was again the price paid. What these things originally cost, and what they would be likely to fetch if sold twenty years hence, are speculative questions which must occur to thinking amateurs, although they are not easy to answer. Happy possessors of objects of the same workmanship may exercise their minds with the more practical query whether their treasures, if sold on their own merits, would fetch anything like approximate prices. A splendid coffer of old Japan lacquer, formerly the property of Cardinal Mazarin, sold for 650 guineas. A very well executed bronze of Nessus carrying away Dejanira, by the famous Giovanni di Bologna, although small in size, brought in 1,000 guineas. Two fine octagonal pedestals of black buhl, 5 feet 4 inches high, with rich ormolu mouldings, were purchased for 1,600 guineas. If the pedestals are worth so much, what must be the value of the treasures which the buyer intends to place upon them? Besides the furniture, specimens of Oriental and old Dresden porcelain were sold during the afternoon, and the 154 lots produced a return of 36,103*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

It is no new thing for statuary to sell for high prices, but

1,000 guineas sounds a good deal for a statuette only 18 inches high including its stand. Yet the tiny statuette of Voltaire, in marble, by Houdon, that fetched this sum on the 11th of July, was so delicately and withal so forcibly modelled that it seemed almost priceless. A vase of Chinese porcelain, about a couple of feet high, with plants and bats in low relief, coloured very softly but rather indistinctly, and ornamented with ormolu mounts and handles, brought in 505*l.* 5*s.* A hundred pounds all but five shillings was given for a very small pale green jade basin, only 6 inches in diameter. The Hamilton collection was particularly rich in objects cut out of jasper. A ewer and dish of brown jasper, beautifully cut and fluted, mounted with gilded metal, was specially admired, although the handle was evidently modern. It was sold for 85*ol.* 10*s.* A couple of Louis XV. pier-tables, of matrix of amethyst on carved legs, with ormolu mountings, were a good deal noticed, chiefly on account of the beautiful colouring of their slabs; but 2,016*l.* seemed quite enough for them. Some surprise was expressed at the comparatively low price given for a pair of vases 31 inches high, said to be *gros-bleu* Sèvres, set in tripods of Louis XVI. ormolu, richly chased with goat's heads and feet, with festoons of vines. It was generally expected that they would realize 1,000 guineas, but 404*l.* 5*s.* was all that was given for them. No one, on the other hand, had any right to be disappointed at the price obtained for a massive, but plain, Louis XIV. writing-table and a cartonnère, of ebony, mounted with solid and bold, but rather coarse ormolu, that were knocked down for 3,202*l.* 10*s.* The amount received on July 11th was the smallest hitherto received on any single day, 16,079*l.* 5*s.* being the total produce of the 157 lots.

To those interested in miniatures, Saturday last was a grand field-day. There was a great variety to choose from. There were miniatures in oil, miniatures in water-colour, miniatures in enamel, and miniatures in Indian ink. In addition to these, there were illuminated miniatures on vellum from old missals; early Greek religious miniatures on panels, and miniatures engraved with a point on silver. Of course there were works by Cosway, who only died some sixty years ago. Besides having been the most celebrated of English miniature-painters, Cosway was himself a great patron of the arts, and the collection in his house in Stratford Place was famous in its time. The much older English miniature-painter Hoskins was also represented. He lived in the time of Charles I. and had a great reputation, but his tints are not sufficiently broken, and his ruddier colours especially are monotonous and heavy. There were also some works by the more celebrated English artist Hilliard, the Court portrait-painter to Queen Elizabeth and James I. He had originally been brought up as a jeweller, and when he took to painting he studied the works of Holbein. French miniature-painting was at least equally well represented as English. There were several fine miniatures by J. Petitot, who was perhaps the most celebrated of French miniature-painters. This artist was much patronized by both Louis XIV. and Charles I. of England. In the majority of his works, he only painted the faces and hands, while his brother-in-law, Bordier, painted the hair and backgrounds. There were also beautiful miniatures by Janet, by Boit the celebrated miniature-painter of the time of Queen Anne, by Zincke the pupil of Boit, by J. A. Arland, a native of Geneva, who painted in France and in England about the same time as Zincke, and by Largillière, who was much patronized by Charles II., and James II. There were miniatures, too, by Bourdon, who was said to have been able to copy a picture, once seen, from memory; and there was one specimen of the work of Prud'hon, who used to be called the French Correggio. Rather more than a couple of hundred lots were sold, consisting chiefly of single miniatures, although a few of the frames contained two portraits or more; and they averaged between 60 and 70 guineas apiece. For a collection of miniatures, 13,348*l.* seemed a large sum; but it is only fair to say that the collection was interesting both from an historical and from an artistic point of view. A miniature portrait of James I., by Hilliard, in a case enamelled with the Royal cipher in diamonds, was sold for 2,200 guineas; a frame containing six full-length portraits of the last Valois family went for 1,675 guineas; and some miniatures of unknown people, by unknown artists, brought in between 70 and 80 guineas each.

The large price of 5,090 guineas was given on Monday last for a Louis XV. parquerie commode of moderate size. The great value of this piece of furniture consisted in the unusually massive ormolu with which it was mounted. The subject of the ormolu work was oak branches, with figures of boys and birds. Very rich, very bold, very graceful, and yet simple, was this grand work. A pair of ebony commodes went for 3,000 guineas, and a secretaire fetched 1,300*l.* One of the most interesting lots of the day was a Sèvres cabaret that had been presented to a Duchess of Hamilton by Charles X. The plateau, teapot, sugar, milk jug, two cups and saucers, and two plates, were very well painted, chiefly with portraits; but only a very moderate price was given for them. A beautifully inlaid secretaire of Milanese work, again, was much cheaper than many of the cabinets at 441*l.* The day's return amounted to nearly 17,000*l.* On the following day a remarkable bronze bust of Peter the Great went for 1,060*l.* Although a large price, it scarcely seemed too much for so fine and so interesting a work. The collection of tapestries was very striking. They were chiefly Gobelins, and of brilliant colouring. A large sofa, covered with Gobelin tapestry, was sold for 1,176*l.*; a bedstead for 1,155*l.*; and a portrait of the Empress Catherine II. in old Gobelin brought in 325*l.* 10*s.* Two sets of chairs, covered with tapestry, averaged about 80*l.* each; a fine oblong panel of

tapestry, in a frame, 12 feet by 19 feet 4 inches, was purchased for 882*l.*, and more than 14,000*l.* worth of things had been sold before Tuesday's sale was ended. The two last days of the sale were devoted to porcelain, bronzes, artistic odds and ends—such as crystals, gems, snuff-boxes, caskets, &c.—and coins. The oval cup of rock crystal that went for 1,150 guineas was very finely carved; and the cup of the same material, 8½ inches high, with a figure in very high relief, that brought in 800 guineas, was a splendid example of work on crystal. A fluted cup of lapis lazuli, mounted with very delicately chased silver gilt, although only 9 inches high, fetched 750 guineas; and a tiny cup of hematite—a form of iron ore—only 3½ inches high, was sold for 600*l.* The five splendid sixteenth-century bronzes, between 5 and 7 feet high, of the Apollo Belvedere, the Diana of Versailles, the Borghese Gladiator, the Belvedere Antinous, and the Hercules and Telephus, cast in moulds taken from the original statues, were sold at an average of nearly 500 guineas each. We have now come to the end of this wonderful collection; in round numbers, about four hundred thousand pounds worth of works of art have been disposed of, and even the great San Donato sale has been completely eclipsed.

The visitors who attended the Hamilton sale were not the least entertaining part of it. During the five weeks of the sale, the rooms were filled with a curious and varied company. All connoisseurs who could inspect the collection naturally did so, and not only English but foreign dealers attended in crowds. In addition to those who took an interest in the sale, there were numbers of idlers who lounged in either on the chance of meeting their friends, or for the sake of being able to say that they had "done the Hamilton Sale." Whatever may be the merits of the outcry that has been raised at the break-up of this magnificent collection, there can be no doubt that its sale has given intense pleasure to a very large number of people, and there is just now far more genuine sorrow at the end of the Hamilton sale than at the end of the Hamilton collection. The workmanship of many of the objects sold has been far more meritorious than their style, and in such an immense collection it would have been impossible that everything should be perfect; but, whatever may have been the faults of the treasures of Hamilton Palace, we are unlikely to see such a fine and varied collection brought into the market again. The opportunities of artistic instruction afforded by this wonderful sale have been invaluable, and it is probable that the lessons thus given to the public have been worth even more than the enormous sum of money received for this magnificent collection by its late owner. As regards the pictures, it is satisfactory to reflect that many of the best works will be placed on the walls of the National Gallery, and the fact that a large proportion of the decorative objects have been purchased at unprecedented prices to remain in England proves that, in spite of the bad times, this country is not bankrupt. Lastly, some thanks are due from the public to Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, for their courtesy in gratuitously welcoming all who cared to come to their galleries both before and during the sales, for they must have been fully aware that, if a charge had been made for admission, there would not have been a single purchaser the less.

DETECTIVES IN IRELAND.

THE Government has been compared by its admirers to a Grand Old Oak. It would be interesting to pause and ask who introduced the adjectives "grand old" into political flattery. Lord Beaconsfield had been styled "the grand old Earl" by some ingenious follower before Mr. Gladstone won and wore the epithet of the Grand Old Man. Probably Mr. Tennyson's "grand old gardener" is at the bottom of the trouble. But, to return from this digression, the Grand Old Oak of the Government has been visited by many tempests, and every storm, as Sir Richard Cross poetically observes, has torn away a bough. The ground is strewn with the leafy honours of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Forster and Mr. Bright. Again, it appears, there has been a slight depression in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and the winds of this troublesome world have torn off, if not a stately bough, a serviceable twig. Every one remembers with what a flourish of trumpets Colonel Brackenbury was sent forth to organize a detective department of police in Dublin. Up to the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, the dreamy enthusiasts of Ireland, as the *Freeman* calls them, seem to have required no detectives. Their crimes, such as shooting widows, torturing men, and maiming beasts, were of a noble, impulsive description, which sought the light, did good (as it was deemed) not by stealth, and did not shrink from the fame bestowed by the local press. But when Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were brutally murdered, while their assassins were cleverly hid, the Government began to think that detectives might be useful. This idea was backed by the Liberal press; and, indeed, trained detectives were recommended as a constitutional substitute for the brutal policy of repression. Now it is stated that Colonel Brackenbury has resigned his post, and left the detective police of Ireland in confusion, because he and the Lord Lieutenant cannot agree on a point of detective casuistry.

Mr. Trevelyan has contradicted this statement in so far as it assigns the difference as the reason of the resignation, but the point at issue is a simple one, and can very well be argued on

its own merits, quite apart from the truth or falsehood of the statements. It is a matter of notoriety that Ireland is honey-combed with secret societies. Not long ago a contractor for the execution of some public works in Australia collected a number of able-bodied navvies in Ireland. When they were about to start from Plymouth these men came to the contractor and thanked him warmly for removing them from a country where their own lives depended on their readiness to take that of other people. One of the navvies, a Protestant, described the way in which he had been compelled to join a secret society. He was loafing one evening with some neighbours on the roadside, as country people do, when one of the swains called his attention to some neighbouring fields. "These will be yours in a year, if you like to join us," said the tempter. The Protestant declined. He was then surrounded by the others, who pointed out that, unless he joined them, they would be unsafe; and, to be brief, he was compelled, by threats of murder, to join the society. All the members of that body were liable to be detached on various criminal duties, including that of murder.

There seems little doubt that the circumstances described in this anecdote are common in Ireland. Terrorism has almost unlimited power there; and the misdeeds of the secret societies are only bounded by the energy or caprice of officials like the scoundrel Connell, who not long ago became Queen's evidence. This state of things cannot be equally agreeable to all the peasants who find themselves involved in it. But they cannot trust each other to resist, and we cannot expect them to combine in the sacred cause of virtue. Thus it is the first necessity of order and decent government in Ireland that the schemes of the secret societies should be known. These schemes, in America and in Ireland, have hitherto been discovered by detectives, who pretended to be dreamy patriots, and became members of the secret societies which they afterwards denounced. Now it is stated that Colonel Brackenbury intended to work this obvious and natural method of detecting crime, and that Lord Spencer "resolutely set his face against it." We can scarcely believe that this is the whole truth, or that any one responsible for the government of a country—which, as we are often told when agrarian offences are to be palliated, is practically in a state of war—can refuse to send spies into the enemy's camp. There seems to be no room for doubt that the practice is as morally justifiable as it is expedient and even necessary. The only objection to this use of detectives is founded, not on morality, but on the code of honour. No gentleman would like to pretend to be a dreamy patriot while in reality he was a wideawake spy. But persons in the detective profession are compelled, when on duty, to put away those laudable scruples which must necessarily rule non-professional conduct. The detective must pocket his fine feelings, as the diplomatist and the surgeon do. It is a dreadful thing to have to conceal one's thoughts or to hack the living human frame, but diplomatists and surgeons are obliged to perform these operations for the good of States and individuals. Not long ago the public, or a portion of it, got into a fine moral rapture because some detectives had procured poisons or other illicit wares in a shop, and convicted the tradesman of selling, as he habitually did, what he had no business to sell. Again, detectives often take the odds from some honest fellow of a bookmaker, and then denounce the man whose money, perhaps, they have won. Now this last method does approach that of an *agent provocateur*, a man who gets up and procures a crime that he may profit by prosecuting his accomplice or his victim. At least this view may be taken by very earnest moralists. But the Irish detectives were not to be *agents provocateurs*. They were not to found secret societies, get patriotic youth to join them, and then denounce patriotic youth. This would, indeed, have been a base offence against morality. But the theory was that the detectives were merely to take their chance, the chance common to most Irishmen, of being forced or induced to join societies already organized, and were then to give up the criminals. This was the plan by which the murderous Irish society of the Molly Maguires was detected and crushed in the United States. We have never heard that any thoughtful American politicians disapproved of this scheme or thought it immoral. But, in Irish matters especially, there is a melancholy lack of thoughtful scrupulousness among the people of the United States. They do not mind how much the Irish threaten and "ballyrag" us. But, when the Irish take to their murderous tricks in America, "our people will not stand it."

The fact is that far too much "law" is given to crime in Ireland. The guilty are treated with such honourable and sportsmanlike regard to fair and open dealing that the guilty are scarcely ever detected. Apparently detectives are to be limited to listening to the voluntary confessions of culprits, and then administering ghostly comforts. "So you say you have murdered a lady and three children? Well, well, we live in hard times. Go away, my good fellow, and try not to repeat your offence, but don't get morbid, nor let the recollection of the affair weigh upon your spirits." It is thus, we presume, that an Irish detective should act, even if, by some incredible chance, he could say "*habemus confitentem reum*." Perhaps it is argued that we ought in fairness only to use such means against Irish criminals as they are in a position to use against us. Now a Fenian could scarcely get into our Cabinet and listen to its deliberations, as our detectives, if they were clever, might listen to the unfolding of Fenian schemes. One can just imagine a Fenian hectoring Mr. Gladstone, and then "making up" like that statesman (with a cold), and so insinuating himself into the most secret counsels of the realm. Still, the thing is more feasible in an historical novel of the future than in real

life. And therefore, as the Fenians only know of our plans what the newspapers are thoughtful enough to tell them, perhaps it is argued by conscientious statesmen that we should not spy on the Fenians. After all they are our fellow-creatures.

Some days ago it was rumoured that bloodhounds were to be put on the scent of murderers like those who killed Mr. Bourke. The Irish papers clamoured, and Mr. Trevelyan denied that such a thing had ever been intended. But where is the objection to this method of hunting home a criminal? It is not to be supposed that unmuzzled bloodhounds would be permitted to rove a district and pull down any man, probably an innocent man, of whom they might conceive reasonable suspicion. In cases where a murderer's lair is found, still warm, behind a wall, can it be denied that a bloodhound, muzzled and led, might at least provide a "clue"? It might guide the police to a house where further and confirmatory evidence might be found. Who would be the worse, except the murderer? In England bloodhounds have been recently employed, and no fuss was made. Fish, the barber who murdered a child, was detected by means of a bloodhound, which nosed out the remains of the victim. But Fish was only an English miscreant, so no one complained that unfair methods had been used against him. If his name had been O'Fish, and if he had slaughtered a widow from behind a wall, it would have been "the height of dastardly cruelty" to have detected him by the sagacity of the animal. A bloodhound was also employed, we believe, but to no purpose, in the search for Lord Crawford's body. Again, it is held quite fair to use the extraordinary skill and cleverness of black trackers in Australia. They ran the Kellys, the mail-clad bushrangers (Irish, we fear), to earth. But only the criminal classes in Australia were indignant at this treacherous conduct. Why should Irish criminals have all manner of privileges, not extended to sinful men in England and the Colonies? That is a question to which, one day, this country may demand an answer.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO.

THE pass by which Alexandria communicates with Egypt is occupied by the railway and a canal. On either hand are great shallow lakes or morasses, half dry in summer, and exhaling a foul odour at all times. The larger, south or south-west of the line, retains the name of the ancient Mareotis, but was forgotten except as low-lying meadows till, in April 1801, the English army let the water into it for strategical purposes, and it was not to be expected that the Turks at their coming should drain it. Mohammed Ali had energy enough to sacrifice some twenty thousand of the lives of his beloved subjects in making the Mahmoudieh Canal, by which he brought Nile water to Alexandria, and for which he is terribly abused by historians who think nothing of his wasting twice that number in the attempt on Syria. With the canal, which is navigable, and the railway Alexandria has never till now been cut off from the interior. At the time of the inundation, when the lake on the north-east extends in an unbroken sheet to Al Rasheed, which the Franks call Rosetta, the roadway along the embankment has always been dry. The long low shore of sandhills which extends from Melk, of which we have lately heard so much, on the west, to Abou Keer, of which our grandfathers heard so much, on the east, is therefore practically an island, or series of islands, and both Alexandria and Ramleh, being situated on them, are now, with Araby entrenched at Kafr Dowar, which is on the neck of the connecting isthmus occupied by the canal and railway, wholly cut off from Cairo and the rest of the delta. Should he take it into his savage mind to cut off or poison the canal, Alexandria will be at his mercy so far at least, and must subsist on tanks and distilled water till Mr. Gladstone's Government let the soldiers loose. Some suspicion has already been aroused upon this point, and water is already being stored in Alexandria. People who have not been in Egypt hardly understand how this water question affects even politics. Where you can bring Nile water, you have fertility and health; where you cannot, you have barren desert or fetid marsh. A Dutch Company, it is reported, were in treaty for Mareotis and the neighbouring lakes; but, probably in view of some such contingency as that which has actually occurred, the Government would not come to terms. The mouths of the Nile, like the mouths of the Rhine, are not very easy to find. Somewhere between the Hague and Amsterdam a little canal, whose windings show that it is different from the other canals, flows toward the sea by the name of the great river. And in Egypt two canals, running for the latter part of their widely divergent courses through a desert, go by the names of ancient branches of the Nile to the Mediterranean. The western mouth at Rosetta represents the Bolbitine outlet, and the great lake Bourlos, east of it, is probably the result of the silting up of the Sebennytic branch. Good harbours might be made at both places, and vast tracts of land reclaimed, for more than half the water which comes down is now lost in the shallows or runs out into the sea. But Al Rasheed is a decayed place, and the few European travellers who have seen it do not report favourably of it, though there still lingers about it the tradition of ancient beauty, of gardens where captive crusaders strayed, of mosques adorned with marble, and of hieroglyphic inscriptions of historical importance. A few explorers have come hither to seek for further fragments of the Rosetta Stone preserved in the British Museum, but have not found them. The portion

we have was not, it should be observed, discovered by the English, nor at Rosetta, but was turned up with the loose earth employed by the French in 1799 when making Fort Julien at Kaleeg, a village some four or five miles down the river. The eastern branch is as uninteresting in its later course as the western. Dumyat, which the Franks have named Damietta, is as much out of the way as Al Rasheed. The two last facts in its history seem to have been the landing of St. Louis before his defeat at Mansourah, and the completion of the railway from Cairo. Dumyat may however have a future. The railway to Port Said, which is only some seventeen miles distant across another lake, Menzaleh, will probably pass through it, and the Phatnitic Mouth become once more navigable.

A favourite excursion of winter residents in Cairo is to the Mokattam Hill, south-east of the city. The view is one of the most impressive in Egypt. A picture by Mr. Tristram Ellis (1894) in the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy gives it with minute accuracy in one direction. The three hundred minarets of Cairo and the Citadel form a foreground to the narrow green line which marks the course of the Nile, while the long row of pyramids of every height rises in the pink desert beyond. But climbing to the highest platform, Gebel Giushi, and looking northward, a still more remarkable view is presented to the eye. What is lost in antiquarian or picturesque beauty is gained in geographical interest. We see the actual dividing of the waters which forms the Delta. The blue stream winds away towards the extreme horizon, the green tract, a mere line in the foreground, widening out in such a manner as to cheat perspective, and convey an impression of immensity which is rivalled by no other view of the kind. The clearness of the air puts no boundary but that of the roundness of the earth upon the possibilities of vision. Low lines of hills on either hand fade into the sky, but without gaining the blue tint which in the damp air of our own country "lends enchantment" to distance. Where the green land begins to spread out, a smoky chimney marks the site of On, or Heliopolis, whose Greek name is sometimes said to be commemorated in that of the neighbouring village and railway station of Kalioob, locally pronounced 'Alloob. This is the spot at which the tourist leaving Cairo looks for his last view of the pyramids. The obelisk of Heliopolis is invisible either from the hill or the railway. But, looking down from the Giushi, the visitor is reminded of the words of Amron, who reported to the Caliph Omar:—"According to the changes of the seasons, the face of Egypt is adorned with a silver wave, a verdent emerald, and the deep yellow of a golden harvest." Three divergent streams seem to be in sight. Two of these are the Nile, but the third—that, namely, which is most to the eastward—is the great Kaleeg, the canal which fertilises the land of Goshen, and does for Suez and Ismailia what the Mahmoudieh does for Alexandria. We can scarcely believe, looking down on that green expanse, full of corn and oil, dark with forests of palms—one grove is believed to contain 50,000 trees—streaked with dazzling fields of the most vivid emerald, that all is owing to artificial irrigation, and that a few inches more water would double the amount of cultivation, great as it seems to be from our elevated point of view. The Kaleeg was first made by the ancient Pharaohs to connect Egypt with the Red Sea by a navigable canal, and it now supplies Port Said, through a mere pipe, with fresh water. It will be remembered that some months ago, when the Suez Company proposed to fulfil their contract and take a branch of the Canal itself to Port Said, leave was refused, owing to the sinister influence of Araby. This Gebel Giushi is crowned by a mosque, now in ruins, but close by is the little fort from which Mohammed Ali was able to command the citadel. Saladin knew nothing of powder when he built his castle, little thinking that the rock so many hundred yards in the rear, and with so deep a precipice intervening, could ever overawe it. Of late the little fort has been manned by a disorderly crew of Araby's soldiers, who demand *backsheesh* in a very effectual and persuasive way. But a recent traveller, having mounted the hill one hot day in spring, was amused to find the usually so importunate sentinel stripped to the skin, and lying sound asleep on his blue uniform coat. Though he was able to make a sketch of him, yet it seemed that "Let sleeping Egyptian soldiers lie" seemed the safest maxim to act upon, and his slumbers were not disturbed.

As Cairo stands to the eastward of the undivided Nile, the railway from Alexandria crosses it. The crossing is made far down in the Delta at two points, one, the nearest to Alexandria, being at Kafr el Zyat, which the traveller will remember as the site of a bad and dear buffet. This bridge crosses the Rosetta branch. About twenty-five miles nearer Cairo the Damietta branch is likewise crossed, at Benha. Between the two is Tanta, a city of which we have heard much lately as the centre of fanaticism and the cotton trade. It is really a large and thriving place, with branch railways and every kind of traffic running through it, and with, in addition, the tomb of the great Sheykh Achmet el Bedawee, a Moslem saint, whose worship has superseded as it imitates that of the sacred cat at the neighbouring city of Bubastis. Benha and Kafr el Zyat are the scenes respectively of two tragedies in the history of the viceregal family. At the now half-ruinous palace, which is so visible from the train as we cross the Benha bridge, Abbas Pasha was murdered in 1854 owing to a wretched barem intrigue. Two years later Achmet Pasha, his nephew, the elder brother of the ex-Khedive, was driven into the Nile at Kafr, one dark night, on his way to Cairo from the north,

and so the succession was opened to Ismail. It is said that the driver of the engine was well compensated for his wetting.

From the Mokattam Hill above Cairo, too, a good idea may be formed of the direction of the Suez railway. At present the traveller from Suez to Cairo goes round three sides of a parallelogram—first, that is, northward to Ismailia, on the ship canal, then westward through the land of Goshen to Bubastis, or Zagazig, a large and busy market of the cotton trade, and then southward to his destination. But before the great Canal was opened a railway ran direct from Cairo to Suez through the gorges of the Mokattam, and this line, though unused, is reported to be perfectly sound. The whole distance is but fifty miles, instead of the weary hundred and fifty now inflicted on the traveller; and a few hours might land any number of men from India on the heights above the capital. Even a march from Suez would not be difficult. Water would have to be carried, but a night on the sandy hills, although without tents, would involve no hardship in that climate. It is certainly to be hoped that Araby will by some means be prevented from wreaking his disappointed rage upon Cairo. One trembles for the Boolak Museum, where Mr. Maspero boldly holds his ground, for the library of Arabic MSS., for the beautiful minarets, for the avenues of old trees, for the Nile bridge, for a hundred objects to which nothing equal in beauty or interest ever existed at Alexandria. Every day's delay is of importance. Araby, entrenched at Kafr Dowar, is probably looked upon as a victorious general by the fellahs of the surrounding Delta. The isolation of Alexandria was extreme, as we have pointed out, and Europeans must not imagine that the running of a few trains daily through the country has conveyed the slightest idea to the native mind of any power on earth greater than that which drags him from his hut and his wife and his children to make him an unwilling soldier.

THE LINCOLN ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY AT SPALDING.

SPALDING, in which the Architectural Society of the Diocese of Lincoln has just been holding its annual meeting, under the presidency of Bishop Wordsworth, may be called the cradle of British Archaeology. For here, in 1710, seven years before the constitution of the Society of Antiquaries, the earliest Association for the study of antiquities was formed, called the "Gentlemen's Society of Spalding," by the exertions of Maurice Johnson, a name not to be forgotten, and had considerable influence in promoting the establishment of the far more celebrated and influential Society in London, some of whose earliest members were intimate friends of Johnson. Maurice Johnson, a native of Spalding and a member of the Inner Temple, was educated by Dr. James Jurin, Secretary to the Royal Society, and afterwards President of the College of Physicians, the warm advocate of inoculation for the small-pox, then recently introduced from Constantinople through Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. While residing in London, he became the associate of Browne Willis, the two Gales, Stukeley, Rymer, and the other chief antiquarians of the day. He was also on terms of familiarity with Pope and Gay, and other literary leaders, whose acquaintance he had formed at Button's Coffee House, and who, after the formation of the Spalding Club, were in the habit of communicating their poems to Johnson, to be read at its meetings. When scarcely of age, Johnson was removed from the congenial society of the wits and antiquaries of London to his native town, where he had inherited the noble mansion of Ayscough Fee Hall. This house, built by Sir Richard Aldwyn, merchant of the Staple, about 1420, still retains much of its antique character; and, though sadly modernized, with its traceried oriel, mullioned, and storied windows, lofty hall (retaining its arched roof above the modern ceiling), tall look-out turret, and colossal yew hedges—hardly to be surpassed in England, even at Levens Hall—its smooth trimmed lawns and giant oaks, would be an enviable home for any antiquarian student. In Johnson's time Ayscough Fee must have been pretty much as Aldwyn built it. Settled here, Johnson, youth as he was, conceived the bold idea of establishing a Literary Society in the very heart of the fens of Lincolnshire. Through his admirable tact the scheme found favour. Once a week the *Taller*, and afterwards the current number of the *Spectator*, was read aloud and discussed, diversified sometimes with a newly-published poem, or an original essay. On one occasion we find, from the minutes of 1751, a certain "Elegy on a Country Church Yard," which had just come out anonymously, was read. For thirty years Johnson was the secretary of the Society, which was joined by Dr. Stukeley, himself a native of the neighbouring town of Holbeach, Gale, and other antiquarians and men of science. Ames, of the "Typographical Antiquities"; Sir Hans Sloane; Vertue, the engraver; Dr. Desaguliers, the eminent but neglected natural philosopher, who

Died in a cell, without a friend to save,
Without a guinea, and without a grave;

the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and many other names known to fame, appear on the roll. Sir Isaac Newton, "although he was now declining almost everything, and did not even go to the Royal Society," consented to become a member. By the untiring industry, tact, and good management of Maurice Johnson (to quote from the interesting narrative of the late Dr. Moore,

laid before the Archaeological Institute at their meeting at Lincoln, in 1848) "the Society was raised to a pitch of eminence, which has perhaps never been reached by any provincial society whatever under similar circumstances, and at which it remained for the long period of forty years." In 1755 Maurice Johnson died, having, after thirty years, become the president. With its founder the glory of the Club departed; and, though it still survives in a green old age, after a career of a hundred and seventy-three years, the "Gentlemen's Society" aspires to little more than the status of an ordinary country club.

Apart from the memories of the "Gentlemen's Society," Spalding offers as much of historical and general interest as almost any place in the county. Set down on the bridge in the centre of the town, you seem transported from the Lincolnshire to the other Holland. With the sluggish Welland crawling onwards to the sea, at the bottom of a deep tidal trough, straight as a canal, fringed with tall trees shading comfortable-looking, bow-windowed brick houses on either bank, with small merchant-boats moored along the quays below bridge, the general appearance is strikingly like that of a Dutch town. Unusual in its aspect, few towns can vie with Spalding in antiquity. The buildings of Spalding, "*edificia de Spaldeling*," appear among the metes and bounds of the lands with which the Abbey of Crowland was endowed on its foundation by Ethelbald in the eighth century. In the ninth century, if the somewhat suspicious early charters of that abbey are to be trusted, Spalding had two churches, one of wood, on the east bank of the Welland, known, from its material, as "St. Mary Stokkys," the site of the later conventual church, and one of stone, on the west bank, dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron of fishers and seafaring men, "*quæ Anglice Stonyn appellatur*." The manor at that time belonged to the mighty Earls of Mercia, bearing the hereditary name of Algar—*Elfgar*, as it is the fashion now to write it—and included, together with the churches already mentioned, twenty-four "mansions" and eighty cottages. The elder Algar, with other endowments, conferred on the Abbey of Crowland the wooden church of St. Mary, and the whole of the fishery of the Welland between the cemeteries of that church and of St. Nicholas. His son and namesake was the leader in the celebrated engagement with the Danes in Kesteven, on St. Maurice's Day, 870 A.D., when three of their chieftains were slain, and the whole invading host was routed; but who fell himself, with nearly all his men, in the next day's engagement with the meanwhile strongly reinforced Danish army. This younger Algar bestowed on Crowland the whole of his manor in Spalding. A mutilated boundary cross, or mere-stone, by the roadside between Spalding and Crowland may perhaps mark the limits of this gift, if not of the earlier endowment of Ethelbald. It bears the inscription "*Aio hanc petram Guthlacus habet sibi metam*." So curious and interesting a memorial deserves better treatment than it has unhappily received. We may compare with it the four crosses by which the extent of the sanctuary of the church of St. Machutus at Leamhago was defined. At a later period Thorold of Buckenham founded a priory on Algar's Manors as a cell to Crowland—"Hanc terram dedit Turolfus, vicecomes, Sancto Guthlaco, pro anima sua" is the Domesday record—to occupy which the mother abbey, then reduced to sore straits by a prevalent famine, in 1051, sent out a small swarm of monks. After the Conquest we find Spalding in the hands of Ivo Taillebois, a native of Anjou, one of the Conqueror's most powerful and trusted followers, who did his master good service in putting down the revolt of Hereward and the insurgents of the "Camp of Refuge." Taillebois is one of the most prominent personages in the semi-mythical history of Crowland, where he appears as the bitter enemy of its monks. The pseudo-Ingulf accuses him of having cruelly expelled the religious men of Crowland from Spalding Priory, filling their vacant cells with monks from the Benedictine convent of St. Nicholas at Angers, in his own native land. The Spalding Register and the Peterborough Chronicle know nothing of any such expulsion. But, whether by force or of free will, the Crowland monks left Spalding never to return, and the Priory became a dependency of the Angevine house.

Taillebois had become possessed of Spalding by his marriage with a great Saxon heiress called Lucy. Tradition designates her as the daughter of Algar, Earl of Mercia, and sister of Morcar, Earl of Northumberland, and by consequence (though this is nowhere stated) sister also of Elgiva, the Queen of Harold. This, however, has been disproved by the late Mr. Gough Nichols, in his paper on the "Descent of the Earldom of Lincoln," in the Lincoln volume of the Transactions of the Archaeological Institute. There is ample evidence of Countess Lucy's existence, and of her marriage to Taillebois; but her parentage is uncertain, and it is, as Mr. Nichols states, "impossible that she could have been at once the sister of Earl Morcar, the wife of Ivo Taillebois before the year 1071, again married after the lapse of forty-three years to the father of William de Romare, and after a time to Ranulph, Earl of Chester, leaving further issue two sons and two daughters." Probably two successive heiresses called Lucy have been confounded, the wife of Ivo Taillebois being mother of the second, who by her two marriages was the mother of the two half-brothers, William, Earl of Lincoln, and Ranulph, Earl of Chester. Ivo Taillebois, after the fashion of the Norman lords, to overawe his dependents, built a castle on the north-west side of Spalding. The site is indicated by rough ground, where huge stones and a fetterlock have been dug up, but not a single vestige of it remains. Ivo died in 1114, and was buried in the Priory Church at Spalding.

The connexion of the Priory with St. Nicholas of Angers continued till the dissolution, though in 1232 it became little more than nominal, the brethren having obtained the right of the election of their own priors and of self-government, on condition of paying 40*l.* a year to the Abbot of Angers, and permitting him to nominate four of their body. Prior Simon Haughton, "the munificent," 1228-1251, rebuilt the conventual church, "more cathedrali." This has so completely perished that its very site is unknown. Indeed, of the whole of the buildings of the Priory nothing remains beyond the vaulted base of a thirteenth-century tower, known in the Abbey records as the "*turris*," popularly called the "oven," perhaps serving as the Abbey prison, and the "Prior's Buildings." These form a long, red brick, heavily-buttressed structure, now cut up into cottages, and covered with thatch, as Leland tells us most of the roofs in the Fen towns were. The upper story was the Prior's guest-chamber, forming one long room, originally lighted with tall, square-headed transomed windows, one of which remains on either side, and with a hearth in the middle. In a stoneless district like the Lincolnshire Holland so vast a mass of available building materials was an irresistible temptation. The Abbey here, as elsewhere, became the stone-quarry of the town, out of which the greater part of the houses were for a long time constructed, a carved or worked stone peeping out here and there indicating their origin.

The parish church of Spalding stood within the conventual precincts, and the usual squabbles arose between the townsmen and the monastic body. The monks, jealous of intrusion, obstructed the worship of the townsmen. The townsmen retaliated by a wilful jangling of their bells at the most inopportune seasons, especially when the brethren were taking their repose. The feud at last waxed so bitter that peace could only be secured by separation. Besides, a grand new conventual church was about to be begun, and room was probably wanted. So in 1284 an agreement was come to between the convent and the town by which, on the payment of 100*l.* by the parishioners, the prior and monks undertook to pull down the old church, and transport the materials—stone, timber, and iron—to the other side of the Welland, where a chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury already stood, and erect a new church for the sole use of the townsmen. This agreement is printed in Dugdale, and the provisions are curious and interesting. The church was to have no campanile, and the number of bells was to be restricted to two, costing 20*l.*—no mean price, we may say, in those days—and they were never to be rung out of the accustomed hours, except on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. A translation of this document was read by Canon Moore to the archaeologists in the church after the opening service, and expounded by reference to the actual fabric. It is very seldom that a mediæval building can be thus confronted with the "specification," and its date so accurately fixed. Spalding Church supplies an important and not unnecessary caution against allowing architectural style to be conclusive as to the date of a building. The character of the unaltered parts, which is pure, and not very late Early English, would warrant us in placing it full fifty years before its ascertained date. But "in lowland levels life lingers long"; and, as across the great level of the Fens at Peterborough an unmistakable Norman design was being carried out in the western bays of the nave simultaneously with St. Hugh's graceful pointed arcades at Lincoln, so at Spalding the sterner forms of the lancet Gothic survived thirty years after the completion of the traceried windows and richly carved spandrels of the Angel-choir of that matchless cathedral. Built with the most studied economy, without a fragment of ornamental carving anywhere, Spalding Church, from its vast size and the singular intricacy of its plan, and, we may not unjustly add, the admirable manner in which—with the single exception of the scarfing of the walls—the restoration has been carried out, presents one of the most striking parish church interiors we know. Its picturesqueness is that of a building which has grown with the taste of the day and the needs of its worshippers. Its architectural history, at first sight difficult to read, was speedily made clear by Canon Moore, aided by the invaluable "agreement." It was originally a cruciform church, with very narrow aisles both to nave and transepts. The transepts had aisles on both sides—a very unusual arrangement, not frequent in cathedrals and still rarer in parish churches, occurring at St. Mary Redcliffe, Pattingham in Holderness, and seen in the neighbouring Lincolnshire churches of Algar-Kirk and Kirtton. There was no provision for a central tower—a campanile, it will be remembered, was forbidden by the convent—nor any transverse arches to mark the crossing. This is always an unsatisfactory arrangement, and the unpleasant effect of the nave arcade being broken by the wide-gaping transept arches, without apparent reason, is here exaggerated by these arches having no responds; springing simply from corbel heads inartificially inserted in a wide expanse of bare wall; as well as by the eastern aisles of the transepts opening into the nave instead of the chancel. As first built, there was a low clerestory, of rather large circular windows, set deep in pointed rear arches, coming down low between the springing of the arcades, as at the fine church of Henbury, near Bristol. The chancel is also Early English, long, but disproportionately low. The east and south chancel walls are those of St. Thomas's Chapel, with remains of the Norman pilaster buttresses. At a later period, space being needed for larger congregations, the aisles were widened, and, at the same time, heightened. The nave arches were taken down, and reset at a greater elevation, the piers being raised five courses. This was rather clumsily done; and, as seen from the aisles, the arches sit

rather uncomfortably on their capitals. In Late Decorated times one bay of the aisle of the south transept was prolonged eastwards, to form the Chapel of Our Lady, the windows exhibiting an almost unique combination of straight and flowing lines. Long used as the Grammar-school, this chapel is about to be restored to the church. Other chapels and chantries followed, for which additional aisles were erected on both sides of the nave, absorbing the transept aisles. A lofty continuous Perpendicular clerestory was built, and a magnificent western window erected in the same style. This window takes a high place among these stately Perpendicular windows, which it has been too much the fashion of late to despise, and its effect is much enhanced by the delicious painted glass with which it has been filled—a triumph of the artistic skill of Messrs. Clayton and Bell. The ivory tone of the white glass which occupies the greater part of the area is singularly beautiful. The loftiness of the clerestory, combined with the lowliness of the chancel, affords space for a Perpendicular window of five lights above the chancel arch, filled with glass by the same artists. The chancel arch is occupied by a rood-screen and projecting loft, of singular richness, which, like everything else, has been excellently restored. Above the screen a large cross, richly painted and gilt, hangs suspended by gilt chains. The beauty and appropriateness of this arrangement make one wish it were more common in our churches. The glass which fills all the chancel windows and a large number in the other parts of the church is of great, and—painful experience compels us to add—of unusual, excellence. The latest addition to the fabric was a very stately north porch, with a parvis over, vaulted with fan tracery, and with doorways and niches of the elaborate splendour characteristic of our Late Perpendicular.

The prohibition of the erection of a campanile was not long regarded. In less than fifty years, 1340 A.D., the present large and stately bell-tower was begun at the west end of the south aisle. We cannot be wrong in attributing the slow and halting progress of this tower, and the careless manner in which portions of it are constructed, to the paralysing effects of the ravages of the Black Death, to be traced in so many architectural works of the time. Skilled workmen were swept away by the pestilence. Ignorant builders had to carry on their tasks. Proper materials fell short. Building stone was no longer floated down the lodes and washes from the quarries at Barnack and Ketton; so the townsmen employed whatever came to hand. A stringcourse was made to serve as a base mould. Monumental slabs were cut up and made to do duty for walling. Two stone coffins were inserted bodily beneath the belfry windows. Much of the stone used was soft and liable to speedy decay. The result was a piece of very bad and crazy workmanship, hardly equal to its own weight, still less to that of the lofty spire with which it was ultimately crowned. Cracks gradually opened. In 1683 the terrified townsmen underpinned the tower and took means to secure the tottering walls. Their intentions were good, but their mechanical knowledge was small. The movement arrested for a time soon began again. The cracks reopened and widened, and the ruin of the whole fabric appeared imminent. When Sir Gilbert Scott was called in at the commencement of the late restoration, a fissure gaped from the foundation to the summit, "wide enough for a boy to creep through." "The tower ought to fall, and why it did not he could not tell." Sir Gilbert's engineering skill (aided by Canon Moore's constant vigilance) saved Spalding tower and spire, as it did the huge fabrics at St. Albans and St. David's, and as his successor as cathedral architect, Mr. J. L. Pearson, has saved St. Hugh's tower at Lincoln, and though the outer walling in places is singularly ragged and ruinous, the fabric is once more sound and stable. The composition of the tower and spire is, on the whole, a very fine one, and they group exceedingly well with the lofty nave, with its clusters of transepts, aisles, and chapels. The spire, however, is hardly of sufficient diameter to crown the tower satisfactorily. Too much light is seen between it and the lofty angular pinnacles, while the embowed flying buttresses which connect the two, though pretty in themselves, are too flimsy to satisfy the eye.

We have no space to speak as we should wish of the other churches of Spalding. Till within the last ten years the parish church was the only place of worship belonging to the Church of England. Now it has four churches, the three new ones having been designed by the same architect—the late Sir Gilbert Scott—largely aided by the practical skill of Canon Moore. All are in the same style—Early English—but largely varied both in general design and detail. The comparison of the three is interesting. In two of them red brick is largely used. The largest and most conspicuous—St. Paul's—is of red brick externally, the interior being of Mansfield stone of a pleasing pinkish tint. In St. Peter's, both interior and exterior are of red brick, at present perhaps rather too fiery in hue, and contrasting too sharply with the white stone piers and dressings. The third church—St. John's—is entirely of stone. St. Peter's like St. John's has only a western bell turret. St. Paul's has a very stately detached tower crowned with a lofty broach spire, standing in front of the west end, and connected with it by a cloister. Of the three churches, meritorious as they all are, we are inclined to give the palm to St. John's for a dignity not always found in modern churches.

HASTINGS AND BOURNEMOUTH.

THE fact that watering-places have generally their distinctive character spares one much embarrassment of choice. Some people seek scenery, some society; while others, again, pay a consulting-fee that they may be guided or misdirected by the prepossessions of a fashionable doctor. Thanks to our insular situation and a broken coast-line, the range of selection is wide enough in all conscience; and the Londoner naturally enjoys extraordinary advantages. He may be transported at the minimum of time and money to a Cockney paradise, where life glides by like a dream upon golden sands, to the soul-soothing harmonies of brazen bands or the more piquant music of Punch and Judy shows. He may travel luxuriously to Brighton in a drawing-room car, chasing the loitering moments with a lively rubber, to enjoy the ozone and the gay humours of the King's Road. Or he may survey a seaway crowded with commerce from the commanding cliffs of Folkestone, or lose himself, if he likes, in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne among the sequestered villages of the breezy South Downs. Those who fancy the bustle of a port with its fishing fleets, or the coming and going of steam-packets, may have their fill of pier-gazing at Ramsgate or Dover; while for the lonely spirits that love to hold converse with themselves there are nooks linked to the world by railways, and nevertheless at the back of it, to all intents and purposes. As fair specimens of the watering-places in favour with invalids we may select Hastings and Bournemouth, and yet in many respects they are as different as can well be conceived. They have something in common in their climates, which are mild, if somewhat enervating; although Hastings is occasionally swept by the south-western gales from which Bournemouth is almost absolutely sheltered. At Hastings the spectacle may be witnessed of the sea beating in wild surf upon the shelving beach, and sending showers of spray and gravel down the area railings. Such a sight is simply impossible at Bournemouth, because in the first place there are no houses to be splashed. There is literally no sea front, and consequently no esplanade; while Hastings, with its sister St. Leonards "flinging," like Edinburgh, "their white arms to the sea," can boast of one of the finest and most varied marine promenades in the islands. Hastings is the very place, we should say, for invalids who like life without scurry. For there is something to suit each shade of taste, between the tranquil dulness of the Marina end and the apotheosis of the boisterous excursionist on the borders of old Hastings. The broad carriage-way is never overcrowded, though there is a sprinkling of private carriages among the crawling flies in the season; and so there is small danger of a cripple coming to sudden grief or of a bath-chair colliding with an unmanageable four-in-hand. The footway is wide and amply provided with roomy benches, many of them protected by coverings of glass. We do not know whether or not those snug resting-places tend to the encouragement of the local booksellers and circulating libraries; for, though there is apparently a great consumption of light literature, the appearance of reading seems for the most part delusive. A volume or two may last through the season, and the book drops on the knee, while the eye sweeps the seaward horizon from the castle-crowned cliff on the left near at hand, with the masts and yards of the fishing-boats beached under the precipice, to the picturesque outlines, far to the right, of Beachy Head, where it runs out beyond the Bay of Pevensey. In the foreground is the coming and going of various people, whom one has ample time to study, since they seldom succeed each other too quickly. Seeing them morning and afternoon, day after day, you very soon come to be familiar with faces, and begin to fancy you can tell something of their stories. There are fashionably dressed figures, who have neither secrets nor histories, judging by their light laughter and chattering, and who are bent on making the most of an agreeable existence. But, in contrast to these, are too many melancholy spectacles of invalids wasting away with the disease which has possibly been pronounced incurable. The friends who minister to them so fondly are either hoping against hope and affecting a cheerfulness they hardly dare to display; or they have already resigned themselves to the inevitable, though they strive to put a bright face on it when, coming in front of the bath-chair, they meet the eye of the sufferer. More painful still are the solitary victims, generally of rather poverty-stricken aspect, who have probably come to Hastings for pecuniary reasons, and who are thrown back upon the company of their sad forebodings. A little speculation of the kind may be profitable; but, being decidedly depressing, it goes a long way when you are come to the sea for change of scene. But to brighten yourself up you have only to look at the children, who are playing as yet, unconscious of their coming doom, and making the esplanade resound with their light-hearted laughter. Or, if you want a more decided tonic and stimulant, you have only to stroll eastward to the quarter dominated by the imposing buildings of the Queen's Hotel. Immediately beneath its ample bay windows and spacious balconies, the good folks who cater for the amusements of excursionists are vociferously plying the local industries. Excursion trains have been emptying themselves from early morning at the adjacent station. The mobs of pleasure-hunters, male and female, decked out in all the colours of the rainbow, or attired after their own eccentric ideas of suitable marine costume, are being pressed to go for a pleasure sail, though the ground-swell is heaving menacingly; or being tempted for an omnibus drive to

Fairlight or Battle; or to indulge in the doubtful luxury of an unwonted dip. And the society generally is eating or drinking, or showing signs of having drunk very freely already, or is dallying with whelks and periwinkles, or smoking rancid tobacco. Yet, on the whole, though their manners may want repose, the mob is kindly, cordial, and good-humoured, and a flying visit to the merry scene ought to whet the philanthropist's appetite for luncheon. As for the misanthrope, as we hinted before, he has only to set his face westwards towards the Marina, where he may wander undisturbed by the margin of the sad sea waves, and mortify his eyes in dreamy contemplation of the wastes of shingle before him in the middle distance.

Bournemouth, on the other hand, has its pier like Hastings; but, thanks to the cliff dipping sharply on either side to the central creek or "chine," it can never have a level esplanade of any kind; and, except in that respect, it is very much the counterpart of Cannes. As at Cannes, there is no public place of meeting, and you must hunt up your scattered friends over square miles of broken country. Could you be dropped in the environs of a sunny afternoon, you might easily fancy yourself in the skirts of the English Queen of the Riviera; there are the same sandy avenues in the same black-foliaged pine-woods, with the sunlight by fitful gleams gilding the brown of their column-like trunks. There is the same aroma, although fainter, of the resin and wild thyme; and there are the same glimpses of a placid sea, which, mirroring a cloudless heaven, seems tolerably blue in the distance. But, though Bournemouth does not bask in southern sunshine, it has one decided advantage over Cannes. It is free from the blighting visitations of the mistral which curdles the blood and chills the marrow, making it impossible to know what clothes to put on, and sowing the seeds of pulmonary diseases, unless one is careful. Bournemouth indeed, in point of climate, much more nearly resembles Mentone, inasmuch as the atmosphere is only too untroubled. It might be a good thing if violent gales were more frequent, to set the languid air in free circulation. But the freshest breeze there seems to us something of an impostor. It ought to be bracing and is undoubtedly refreshing; but when you attempt a walk, your limbs fail you, and you are sensible of a listlessness that soon puts the drag on. Yet there is no place among the watering-places in Her Majesty's dominions where a strong pair of legs is more serviceable. The distances are immense, and the difficulties of finding the way incredible. As at Cannes, so at Bournemouth, the neighbourhood for miles around has been "prospected" by speculative builders. The fir-woods, leased by the landed proprietors, have been cut up into eligible building lots, and long lines of detached villas in their gardens straggle up the beds and crests of the chine. Each owner or occupier seems to have set his heart on assuring himself a certain amount of privacy; yet, though the gardens are often thickly screened by pines, they are generally raked from adjacent windows. The little lawns, blazing with roses in bloom, and glowing beds of scarlet geraniums, are bright enough; and, thanks to the profusion of shrubberies and evergreens, and the immunity they enjoy from bird-nesting and bird-trappers, there is everywhere a strong chorus of singing birds. In spite of recent severe winters, blackbirds and thrushes appear to swarm; and, as you sit under the shade of your own verandah, you may hear the cooing of the ringdove from the neighbouring glades. But the sombre colouring of the foliage must be depressing in cloudy weather to nervous invalids; and the heavy shadows of the trees, which are all very well in a Gascon summer at such glaring southern resorts as Arcachon, seem somewhat out of place in the sunniest situations in England. We say nothing of the sewerage, because we know nothing of it. But it would appear to be difficult to arrange for any effective system of drainage when building has been irregularly and independently carried on over an enormous area of hill and valley. These considerations, however, affect the habitual residents or people making some sojourn. What more immediately concerns the casual visitor, as we said, are the distances, the steepness of the ascents, and the difficulty of finding his way. He is established in one of the hotels on either cliff, and he leaves the hotel with the notion of knocking off an afternoon call. The address given by his friends is vague to a degree, being merely some such name as "Bellevue" or "Sunnyside," "Allegria" or "Buen Retiro," with East or West Cliff affixed, as a further means of identification. He climbs the cliff in question, to find himself at a lonely meeting of thoroughfares in a fir-wood, with "roads" branching out in all directions, and subdividing themselves subsequently *ad infinitum*. He may wander on for a mile or more without seeing a soul to inquire of. If he should happen to stumble on a solitary wayfarer, the chances are that the other is a newcomer and nearly as ignorant as himself; he is far beyond the zone of the shops; the tradesmen's lads rattle past at a hand gallop in their spring-carts; and it says much for the moral respectability of Bournemouth that it seems to preserve public order without a police. If he walks up one of the short approaches to ring the door-bell of a pretentious mansion in miniature, the probability is that he is sent away no wiser than before. As a last resource he walks back a mile or more in search of a fly-stand, and doing what he had better have done in the beginning, engages an intelligent flyman as his guide. Then, should his call be followed up by an invitation to dinner, it becomes a question whether it will repay him to go so far for a meal; and altogether the conditions of existence at Bournemouth are antagonistic to easy social intercourse. Nor can it be recommended for excursions in the imme-

diate neighbourhood, since it is girdled to the landward by a waste of barren heath; while, though the chine that cut the coast-line are often picturesque, they have generally been vulgarized by energetic building operations. And it is characteristic that, from the scarcity of cheap accommodation in what is less a town than an agglomeration of villas, the workmen may be seen going to their work on bicycles or velocipedes from the quarters they have found in the surrounding villages. At the same time, Bournemouth is an extremely pleasant place for the lounge who has neither social ties there nor pronounced pedestrian tastes. The town gardens are charming; there are pretty peeps of hanging woods, with ivy-wreathed stems, through vistas in the midst of the streets and houses; there are benches scattered everywhere along the breezy cliffs, whence you have open views of enchanting coast scenery, from "the Wight" and the Needles, full in front of you, to Poole Harbour and Swanage Point to the westward; and, finally, there are at least two comfortable hotels, with very excellent accommodation at comparatively reasonable prices. We have heard Bournemouth described by a resident as the paradise of riding-masters, paupers, doctors, and curates. But, without being any one of the four, a stranger may kill a week very tolerably there, more especially if it pleases him to push his researches into the interior of the New Forest and the Isle of Purbeck.

JOHN GEORGE SCHELHORN.

PERHAPS some of our readers may never have heard the name of John George Schelhorn. Yet his contributions to the ecclesiastical history of the sixteenth century are considerable. He held the office of librarian at Memmingen, and had many opportunities of access to valuable manuscripts, which he used to great advantage; and, besides a variety of other works, he published a large collection of miscellaneous pieces, which he classed under the general head of "*Amenitates*." There are two sets of these, the first, published in 1724-31, in fourteen volumes, entitled *Amenitates Litterarie*, and the other at Frankfurt and Leipsic, in 1737 and 1738, in two thick volumes of about a thousand pages each. It is to the latter of these collections only that we wish to draw attention in the present article. Its title differs but slightly from that of the preceding work, being *Amenitates Historie Ecclesiastica et Litterarie*.

The two volumes contain as many as thirty-three different pieces, many of them printed for the first time from the originals, and several of these never having been reprinted, whilst some of them are written by the editor himself. Of these, by far the most important at the time of publication was the letter of Cardinal Pole to Edward VI. in defence of his work against Henry VIII.; and accordingly it was prefaced by the editor's account of the work, which occupies twice as much space as the letter itself. As the letter appears in the more famous collection of Cardinal Querini, reference is usually made to this latter work rather than to that of Schelhorn, which preceded it by a few years; and little or no notice seems to have been taken of Schelhorn's account of Pole's celebrated work. Schelhorn does not scruple to give his opinion that the first edition of the work was published without Pole's consent, and against his express wishes, and that Pole did his best to suppress it when it first appeared. Indeed there is no more elaborate or valuable account of the *De Unitate Ecclesiastica* than is contained in the first of these two volumes, and it is especially valuable for the references contained in it to the supposed Protestant friends of Cardinal Pole. Amongst these was Flaminio, who, like his friend and patron the English Cardinal, has been wrongly supposed to have been devoted to the cause of Protestantism. Both of them were alike indignant at the scandals of the Roman Church towards the middle of the sixteenth century, and both were ardently desirous for a reformation. Flaminio, no doubt, was inclined towards Protestant views at the time of his acquaintance with Valdesio at Naples, but seems to have been saved from them by falling in with Pole at Viterbo in 1541. He accompanied his patron to the Council of Trent in 1545. He died in Pole's house in the year 1554, and, from the laudatory terms in which Pole speaks of Flaminio and their mutual friendship, it is plain that Flaminio was no more a Protestant than Pole was. Yet both were suspected, and not without some reasonable grounds, of favouring Lutheranism. The Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith certainly admits of being explained in a sense very different perhaps from what Luther intended, and it is probable that Pole was really deceived into adopting language which seemed much to favour it; and unquestionably it was brought against him at the time of the election of Marcellus II. to be the successor of Paul III. on the Papal throne. It is well known that Cardinal Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV., urged this accusation against Pole when his name appeared as a possible candidate for the Papal tiara; but we find from Schelhorn, who quotes from a MS. despatch from Navagero to the Venetian Senate, that the Cardinal of Tournon had the same suspicion of Pole. It seems probable we shall know more about this point when Mr. Rawdon Brown's next volume of Venetian despatches is published. Meanwhile, we quote this as one of many instances where information is derived solely from this collection. The value of the collection is, indeed, much greater than might have been judged from its having been so rarely referred to. And the conjectures of the editor on points on which he was not fully informed are often verified by subsequent discoveries.

How he came to be ignorant of a book which was published in 1557, and which gives a catalogue of the creations of Cardinals with their dates, we do not know; but even here his very ignorance helps to establish his claim to sagacity. He speaks, for instance, of the two accounts given of the time when Pole was created a cardinal, and gives his opinion that the true date is not May, but December, 1536. It is well known now, and a very small amount of research would have proved then, that he was made cardinal, with eleven others, on the 22nd of December in that year; and amongst them was Caraffa, afterwards Paul IV. In estimating the value of Schelhorn's opinion, his frequent reference to Burnet as an authority must be allowed to be somewhat of a drawback; but of course Burnet had not then been exposed and his authority damaged as it has been since that time.

Though the value of the principal original work in Schelhorn's first volume has been superseded by its subsequent publication, yet his account of Pole's friend Flaminio, which occupies the first 180 pages of his second volume, is the most elaborate defence of him which has ever been printed. We call it a defence, for that is the term which Schelhorn would himself have used. The tract is entitled *De Religione M. Antonii Flaminii*, and the purpose of it is to establish the accusation against Flaminio that he was a Protestant. The charge itself cannot really be sustained. It is certain that Flaminio lived and died in the Roman communion, though how far he may have sympathized with certain formularies of Lutheranism may be doubtful. He quotes at length the different characters given of him by Pallavicini, and the continuator of Baronius, and other Roman Catholics, as well as those of Vergerio, and his other Protestant friends; but, though Flaminio's translations of the Psalms and his letters are full of what his biographer calls "*veritatis evangelicæ testimonia*," all the expressions used are such as might have been used indiscriminately by a Catholic or a Lutheran, and certainly prove nothing as to the point in question, especially when they are viewed in comparison with the very pronounced utterances of Curio, Valdesso, and Paleario, who were all his friends, and had all adopted Calvinism. Indeed it seems as if all the Italian converts to Protestantism could not rest content with Lutheranism, but invariably took the further step through Zwinglianism into Calvinism. And indeed Schelhorn is at some pains to defend both Flaminio and Valdesso from the charge of having taken the additional step of adopting the opinions of Socinus. His object is to prove that Flaminio agrees with us, "*nobiscum egregie consensisse in precipuis religionis capitibus*," i.e. with the Lutheran school of Memmingen. But, after all, the real point of the controversy was the doctrine of the Mass, and Schelhorn is honest enough to print at length Flaminio's argument with the protonotary Carneseccchi, in favour of the received doctrine, and is obliged to content himself with the consolatory remark that the document was written seven years before his death, and that it is not improbable that Flaminio might during those seven years have succumbed to the counter arguments of Carneseccchi. The martyrdom of Carneseccchi forms the subject of the second tract in this volume, which gives all the charges of his indictment; but we need not describe this, as it does not give any information that may not be found elsewhere.

Some of the tracts in this second volume are of a later date. At present we confine our attention to those which belong to the sixteenth century. Amongst these latter are several collections which have relation to the Council of Trent. But the most important is of a somewhat earlier date. It is the life of Clement VII., by Ziegler, now first printed from the MS., and it is preceded by a long account of the author and his works. Both Ziegler and his historian have an inveterate prejudice against the See and Court of Rome. Indeed absolute impartiality can hardly be expected of an author who sets out with the idea that the wickedness of popes and other ecclesiastics is a sufficient condemnation of the system under which they exist. We could have wished a fuller account of Ziegler, for he was one of those literary men of the period who followed their master Erasmus, and, though fully alive to the corruptions of Rome, and frequently spoken of by writers of that communion as being a Lutheran, a Zwinglian, or a Calvinist, certainly never took the step of separating himself from the Roman Church. It is much to be regretted that so little is known of so learned a man. The most complete description of him which exists is the meagre one given by Schelhorn, and undoubtedly no one who has read it will dissent from the opinion of the writer of his life in the *Biographie universelle*, "*Mais cependant elle laisse beaucoup à désirer*." It is important to observe that there were two persons of the name who were contemporaries, but the writer of the character of Clement VII. is Jacques, and not Bernard, Ziegler. It appears for the first time in Schelhorn, and has never, as far as we know, been reprinted; but it had been seen in MS. by some of the German Reformers, who quote from it their anecdotes which tell against the character and conduct of the Pope.

Another interesting tract in this collection is the letter addressed by Paleario to Luther, Melancthon, Bucer, and Calvin, concerning the Council of Trent, written December 20, 1544. In assigning the date of this letter, Schelhorn's usual sagacity has failed him. In the preface to the letter, in which he acknowledges with regret that Paleario differs from his school in two particulars—namely, in esteeming matrimony to be a sacrament, and in denying with the Anabaptists the lawfulness of taking an oath before a magistrate—he says that this letter had been thought to have been written in the year 1545, but that he inclines to the opinion that it was written in 1542 and carried to Geneva by Ochino,

whom, at the head of the letter, he commends to Calvin's favour. But there can be no doubt of the date of the letter, for in the course of it the writer speaks of there having been "yesterday" a creation of thirteen cardinals and two more *in petto*. This took place on December 19, 1544, so that the letter must have been written on the 20th of that month. The letter itself consists of an invective against the Pope and the Cardinals, alleging that their creation is alone enough to destroy the credit of the coming Council. He thinks that all ancient abuses will be maintained under such an episcopate as at present exists, giving it as his opinion that there were only four bishops in Germany, or at most five, only three in Switzerland, and probably but two in Italy, whom he and the Protestants could trust. He does not mention names, and it would be interesting to know who the persons alluded to are.

There are many more interesting tracts in this collection, but we must be content for the present with having directed the attention of our readers to this valuable work of Schelhorn's, which contains so much that has been neglected as lying rather in the bypaths than on the high road of history.

MIDSUMMER RACING.

AT the end of the Ascot meeting it was generally considered that Mr. Houldsworth's Adriana, a chestnut filly by Adventurer, had shown the best two-year-old form of the year. She had won the New Stakes, a race worth 1,340*l.*, beating Rookery by six lengths in a common canter. Rookery had won the Hyde Park Plate at Epsom, the Breeder's Plate at Newmarket, and the Windsor Castle Stakes at Ascot, so Adriana's form seemed as good as could be wished. It was natural, therefore, that Adriana should be made favourite for the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge. Odds of 10 to 6 were laid on her, but she only ran third, a brown colt by Macaroni, subsequently named Macheath, winning by four lengths; while St. Blaise was second. It was said after the race that Adriana had not been quite right, and that her defeat counted for nothing. Macheath, who belongs to Mr. Crawford, was afterwards made first favourite for the Derby of next year. Another important two-year-old race was the Seaton Delaval Stakes at Newcastle, which was won by Chislehurst, a colt by the unfortunate Beauclerc. Chislehurst had only run once before, in the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, which he had won without difficulty. Eight two-year-olds came out for the July Stakes at Newmarket, and odds were laid on Macheath. Prince Bathyan's Fulmen was second favourite. This colt had won a Maiden race at Ascot by three lengths. Symphony, the winner of a Triennial Stakes at the same meeting, was almost as good a favourite as Fulmen, and she was to have the advantage of Archer's jockeyship. Tyndrum, another Ascot winner, was also backed at long odds. This colt made the running, followed by Fulmen and Macheath, these three horses being many lengths in front of Symphony. As they came to the corner of the plantation the two leaders were beaten, and in the dip Macheath went to the front, winning cleverly at last by a length, Fulmen finishing second, four lengths in advance of Tyndrum. Fulmen squired a good deal in the struggle; and, although Macheath won pretty easily at last, it was only after he had been hard ridden for some distance. Macheath certainly ran very gamely, but some racing critics do not like the appearance of his legs; and the general opinion expressed about the colt was that, although of a very high class, and very speedy, he is scarcely the kind of two-year-old that is likely to train into a Derby winner. Many good judges were much pleased with The Prince, a backward colt that was unplaced for this race, but is likely to win races in the future. There was another valuable two-year-old race on the Wednesday of the July meeting. This was the Exeter Stakes, for which the entrance money is 40*l.*, half forfeit. The favourite was Beaumaris, a colt that had won the Manchester Plate at Newcastle. The second favourite was Bon Jour, the winner of the Stanley Stakes at Epsom, and of the Maiden Plate at the same meeting. Neither of the favourites, however, had the smallest chance with Lord Ellesmere's Highland Chief, a bay colt by Hampton, out of Corrie by Stockwell, who cantered in three lengths in front of Beaumaris. This performance was the more creditable to Highland Chief, because he was apparently rather short of work; but, although he is a grand-looking colt, it is rumoured that he makes a noise when he gallops. A more important two-year-old race was the Chesterfield Stakes, that was run on the following day. Unfortunately for the interest of the contest, Macheath had been scratched, but a very hot favourite was established in Lord Falmouth's Galliard, a brown colt by Galopin, out of Mavis, by Macaroni. Soon after reaching the top of the hill Archer brought the colt forward, and he won very easily by a length and a half. He is backward, but very handsome, with plenty of size, bone, and power. In the opinion of some competent judges he is the best looking of the colts entered for next year's Derby.

There was a valuable two-year-old race at Kempton Park last week. This was the International Two-Year-Old Plate of 1,000 sovereigns, which were divided in the following somewhat unusual manner:—750*l.* to the winner, 100*l.* to the second, 50*l.* to the third, 50*l.* to the breeder of the winner, and 50*l.* to the trainer of the winner. The first favourite was the famous filly Rookery, who had won four races, and had only been defeated by Adriana, as we have already noticed. Seven other two-year-olds ran against her; but, although she had extra weight to carry,

she shot forward the moment that Archer called upon her, and won easily. Archer held her well in hand, and only allowed her to win by a neck; but she was only cantering, while her nearest opponent, to whom she was giving 16 lbs., was galloping. Her victory, of course, reflected still greater lustre upon the running of her former conqueror, Adriana; but the value of Adriana's form in the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge was too uncertain to enable racing critics to say with certainty that Rookery's easy victory tended indirectly to glorify Macheath even more than Adriana.

As regards older horses, the first race of importance that followed the Ascot meeting was the Northumberland Plate. Faugh-a-Ballagh had run so well in the Ascot Stakes and the Ascot Cup that he was made a strong favourite for this race. Many people went so far as to say that he might have even beaten Foxhall himself, and won the Ascot Cup, if his jockey had not eased him a little in order to allow his stable companion, Petronel, to come up in the straight. He was consequently backed for the Northumberland Plate at something very like even money. Both the Ascot Stakes and the Ascot Cup were races two miles or more in length; so the course for the Northumberland Plate, which is two miles long, seemed exactly suited to him. Strange to say, however, he never looked at all like winning, and he finished seventh, having taken no part whatever in the end of the race. Victor Emanuel was the winner, Novice being second, and Champion third. These three horses had been respectively fifth, sixth, and tenth in the betting lists. At weight for age Faugh-a-Ballagh was at a few pounds disadvantage in relation to Victor Emanuel; but, even allowing for this, his running cannot be correct, if Foxhall's form is anything approaching what the public suppose it to be, for in the Ascot Cup Foxhall only beat Faugh-a-Ballagh by a neck, after a hard race.

At Newmarket there was a capital race between Mr. L. de Rothschild's Nellie and Lord Rosebery's Gareth in the Biennial Match for 300l. and a hog'shead of claret. The very fine odds of 21 to 20 were laid on Nellie, who was ridden by Fordham, while Gareth was ridden by Cannon. Gareth made the running, but half way up the hill Fordham came forward on Nellie, and won by three-quarters of a length. The July Cup was won by Tristan, who was carrying a great deal of weight. The course for this race is only six furlongs, but Tristan seems equally at home over courses of any length. There can be no doubt that he is a wonderfully good horse, for he has now won eight races this season without being once beaten. There was a remarkably fine race between Faugh-a-Ballagh and Leonora for the Bunbury Stakes. The former made the running, but the distance was not far enough for him, and at the end of the mile Leonora, who was giving him 2 lbs. and sex, beat him after a magnificent struggle by a head.

The field for the Liverpool Cup was a very small one, as only four horses went to the post. Goggles was the first favourite. He had run well this season, winning three races out of four, the most valuable of which had been the Esher Stakes at the Sandown Second Spring Meeting. The second favourite was Ishmael, to whom Goggles was to give 4 lbs. Both Goggles and Ishmael were four-year-olds, and on their three-year-old form Ishmael had been the best of the pair; but this season he had run five times without winning a race, and although he had shown some very good form last year, he had been an unlucky horse, winning occasionally, but more frequently running second or third. Toastmaster, who was to meet Goggles almost at weight for age, was a good third favourite. When the horses got fairly into the straight, a horse called Buckshot, that had been making the running, was beaten, and Ishmael then took the lead, closely pursued by Toastmaster and Goggles. A very interesting race followed. When Fordham called upon Goggles to make his effort, the horse swerved about in a very erratic manner, and it looked as if either Toastmaster or Ishmael must win, but in a few seconds Fordham managed to get Goggles's head straight, and then he came with such a terrific rush that he looked as if he must win. His brilliant effort, however, was timed a trifle too late, for although he had quite caught Toastmaster, and had almost caught Ishmael as the winning post, the latter was a neck in front of him, while Toastmaster was a neck behind him.

The first day of the Kempton Park meeting was chiefly noticeable for the success of Archer, who won every race for which he rode, and four of the six races of the day. There was a field of seventeen horses for the Prince of Wales's Cup. Angevin, and Feuille de Frene, the first and second favourites, had nothing whatever to do with the finish. Archer came forward some distance from home on Colonel Starkie's Sulphur, and won by two lengths, Rosie and Candahar II., against each of whom 12 to 1 had been laid, running second and third.

The nominations for both the Derby and the Oaks of 1884 were published last week, and the number of entries is below the average. The weights for the Derby have been altered. Hitherto, colts have carried 8 st. 10 lbs. and fillies 8 st. 5 lbs., but after next year, colts are to carry 9 st. and fillies 8 st. 9 lbs. Many people consider that raising the scale of weights will encourage the breeding of a stronger class of horse. Perhaps 4 lbs. may not seem a very great step in this direction, but still, over the Epsom hills, even these few pounds may tell considerably, especially when the course is at all heavy. The attendance at the Derby is so immense, that the last two hundred yards of the course is trampled into a quagmire in wet weather, and 4 lbs. may hinder

a light-framed horse a good deal at the end of a fast-run Derby when he is galloping ankle-deep in mud.

The sales of yearlings at Newmarket during the July meeting were exceptionally interesting. The success of the stock of Hermit has been so remarkable that the sale of nine of his yearlings from the Blankney stud was looked forward to with great eagerness. They were certainly a beautiful lot, and two or three of their companions from the same stud farm, by other horses, were also well worth looking at. The Blankney yearlings actually sold were thirteen in number, and they brought in very nearly 14,000 guineas, although the first lot sold, a filly by Earl of Dartrey, only fetched 20 guineas. Three thousand six hundred guineas were given for one filly; two thousand were given for a colt; and four other yearlings were sold at from a thousand to twelve hundred and fifty guineas apiece. One yearling by Hermit was bought in by his owner, at the reserve of 3,000 guineas. These prodigious prices make one wonder what Hermit himself would fetch, if he were put up for sale, age and all taken into consideration. There can be but little doubt that the blood of Hermit is the fastest that has ever been known. What the future may produce, no one can tell, but hitherto nothing better than the stock of Hermit has been bred in this or any other country. Lord Rosslyn purchased the two stallions, See Saw and Wenlock, giving 2,500 guineas for the former, and 3,800 for the latter. Both of these horses are valuable sires, and it is far from unlikely that each may prove a bargain.

REVIEWS.

WILLIS-BUND'S SELECTION OF CASES FROM THE STATE TRIALS.*

THE second volume of Mr. Willis-Bund's selection of State Trials is divided into two parts, which are in fact two separate volumes paged on as one. In a brief preface he explains how it comes to have grown to these dimensions. He has a view of his own about the trials of the Restoration period—a view very different from that which has usually been taken by modern historians; he has undertaken to whitewash the judges of the Stuart time, and this being the case, it would, he says, "be most unfair to omit the observations of the Judges during the progress of the trials." When the question is of the fairness and legality of a trial, every detail of the proceedings becomes important; and it is for this reason that the author has, at the cost of increasing the bulk of his work, given the trials with very little abbreviation.

In the first paragraph of his Introduction Mr. Willis-Bund takes up the cudgels for the Stuart judges against Lord Campbell, and, which is bolder, against Hallam himself:—

It has been the fashion for nearly all modern historians to speak of the administration of justice between the Restoration and the Revolution in language so strong, that it at once raises a suspicion that it is used either for party purposes, or to confirm preconceived ideas, not to express opinions derived from a study of the proceedings of the courts. Strong language is always attractive, especially when used against political opponents. One writer uses it, he is cited by another as an authority for it, and so abuse passes into accepted fact. Modern Chief Justices speak of their predecessors as "monsters disguised as judges." Grave historians speak of the courts entrusted with the administration of the law as "tribunals disgraced by the brutal manners and iniquitous partiality of the Bench."

The substance of Mr. Willis-Bund's answer amounts to this:—that the judges under Charles II. were a good deal better than their predecessors, and are entitled to the praise of being comparatively, if not absolutely, virtuous. In upwards of three hundred trials recorded in his first volume, including those under the Commonwealth, there are not twelve acquittals; while out of some hundred and fifty trials in the first twenty years of Charles II. there are about thirty acquittals. "Before the Restoration, a State trial was a formality that had to be transacted before a prisoner could legally be put to death. After the Restoration, a State trial was a judicial proceeding in which a prisoner had a chance of escaping." That the behaviour of the judges towards the prisoner was far from being such as we should now expect, that the reports of the trials, being generally prepared under the authority of the judges, are not altogether above suspicion of omitting what would tell for the prisoner or against the judge, he acknowledges; "but, after making every allowance, the fact remains that Charles II.'s judges administered the law more fairly than it had ever been previously administered in England." He goes on to defend the legislation of the period on the ground of that necessity which is the plea of many rulers who yet hardly deserve to be called tyrants. Here he writes with an eye to current events:—

It was not for nothing that stringent regulations were made that the disbanded army should learn trades, that the press was strictly regulated, that those harsh laws against Nonconformists were passed. To us, regarding these laws after a lapse of two centuries, they appear pure persecution, as perhaps two hundred years hence, peace preservation acts may appear to

* *A Selection of Cases from the State Trials*. Vol. II. Part I. Trials for Treason (1660-1678). Part II. Trials for Treason. The Popish Plot (1678-1681). By J. W. Willis-Bund, M.A., LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, Professor of Constitutional Law and History, University College, London. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1882.

our descendants. But each set of measures was amply justified by the state of the country at the time; each probably prevented an armed rebellion. It must also be remembered in favour of Charles's Government, that they were unable, like modern Governments, to play with sedition and tamper with treason. There was no standing army, no police, no executive force available to put down a rising. Lord Clarendon could not flood Yorkshire with troops, as modern Governments can flood Ireland, and allow sedition to go certain lengths, feeling sure it can be stopped at pleasure. His only remedy was to enforce the law.

These last remarks are, we suspect, meant to be taken in some degree ironically, as far as they apply to our own time; but without entering into the question how far it is safe for any Government, even the most modern and enlightened, to "tamper with treason," we may admit the force of the defence made for the Government of Charles II. Nor do we blame Mr. Willis-Bund for this touch of sarcasm; but we doubt the good taste of a passage which occurs further on. After observing with justice that if Scroggs's private life and moral conduct were as bad "as his worst detractors allege," they ought not to influence our opinion of him as a lawyer, he adds:—

In our own day we have seen great judges whose private lives would not bear the closest inspection, whose morality was not of the Gospel standard, whose politics were open to comment; even the great biographer of the Chief Justices himself has been suspected of not being wholly free from the vice of jobbery.

Personal attacks, or what sound like such, and *tu quoque* retorts, are out of place in a serious historical work. Elsewhere Mr. Willis-Bund displays an excess of zeal in worrying Lord Campbell—a zeal which seems the more unnecessary because, as far as we know, Lord Campbell is not in these days much read by historical students. Our author is quite right in pointing out any instance in which Lord Campbell may have deviated from fact or made assertions unsupported by authority; he is justified in contrasting Lord Campbell when, as Attorney-General conducting the prosecution in *Reg. v. Frost*, he relied on the celebrated "Messenger's case," with Lord Campbell as an historian, denouncing the proceedings in that self-same case as "a mere fantastic trick played before high heaven to make the angels weep." But again it strikes us as below the dignity of constitutional law and history when indignation at Lord Campbell's sneers at Kelyng's reports moves our author to retort that they "are at least as valuable as that series of *nisi prius* reports, the great example of successful touting, in which the reporter introduced the system of reporting the names of the attorneys in the different cases."

Leaving these professional amenities, we turn to Mr. Willis-Bund's interesting résumé of the trials in this volume. He does well to point out, what is so often overlooked, that the legal and the political aspect of a case should be kept carefully distinct. It is, for example, for the statesman to judge whether the Regicides ought to have been put to death; but the lawyer has only to go through the form of asking whether they had in truth taken part in the execution—which, after all, was technically what the Royalists called it, the murder—of Charles I. In the case of Vane's trial, again, which is commonly spoken of as one of the most discreditable in Charles II.'s reign, the same distinction should be observed. In the circumstances, it was unfair to send Vane to death; but it does not therefore necessarily follow that his condemnation was illegal, and Mr. Willis-Bund goes so far as to contend that "in law the conviction can be fully justified." He further remarks that Vane's Bill of Exceptions being rejected, the points raised in it, which are often spoken of as the points decided in Vane's case, never really came before the Court. But he has to admit, what surely is important in judging of the fairness of the trial, that it is hard to see what good ground the Court had for deciding that a Bill of Exceptions did not lie in a criminal case.

One of the most interesting parts of the Introduction is the summary of "the decisions in favour of liberty during the twenty years from the Restoration to the conclusion of the Popish Plot," on which Mr. Willis-Bund relies to show that "the Stuart judges were not the monsters of illegality they are usually represented to be." Perhaps we ought in fairness to have a list of the points the other way, for he elsewhere owns that the effect of the trials of the Regicides, which he considers to have been on the whole fairer than any former trials, was to extend the law of constructive treason, and that some very doubtful law was laid down during the proceedings. But it will no doubt surprise many to be told that it was first distinctly decided in the case of the Regicides that prisoners are not to be tried in irons; that Scroggs, who is commonly coupled with Jeffreys as the typical wicked judge, was one of the first who directed a jury to acquit a State prisoner, there being no evidence against him; and that during his Chief Justiceship "more points of law were decided in favour of the prisoner than during an equal time under any preceding or perhaps any subsequent Chief Justice." Not that Mr. Willis-Bund contends that Scroggs was by any means all that a judge should be, but he does maintain that we owe to his decisions many of what we suppose to be our birthrights. He does not suggest, what has often struck us, that Scroggs owes his infamous immortality in no small measure to his name, much as Algernon Sidney owes a great part of his reputation to the dignity and euphony of his five syllables. Scroggs is so suggestive of "scragging" that the reader who is told that the bearer of this ill-omened name was "a base and bloody-minded villain" (*vide* Lord Campbell) is inclined to accept the statement without further enquiry. Mr. Willis-Bund, however, attributes the peculiarly evil reputation of Scroggs to the fact that his conduct during the Popish Plot

frenzy satisfied neither party. "Whigs regard him as a turncoat, Tories regard him as a persecutor." He has been charged with having adroitly turned in favour of the accused as soon as he saw that Shaftesbury's influence was on the wane and the credit of "the Plot" declining. In this light, it will be remembered, Scott has introduced him in the trial of the Peverils. But Mr. Willis-Bund argues that in the case of Wakeman and others, which formed the turning-point, there really were honest legal grounds for the summing up in favour of the prisoners, which had not existed in the earlier trials arising out of the Popish Plot. Altogether the view here presented of the administration of the law under Charles II. is one which should not be disregarded by any future historian of that period. The author's detailed comments at the end of each of the more important trials are also of great interest and value. As to the manner in which the trials themselves have been given, we have a few words to say. When, two years ago, we noticed the first volume of this work, we had occasion to complain of frequent discrepancies between its version of the trials and that of Howell (ed. 1816) which it professed to follow. In this second volume there is a great improvement; but even in this we cannot wholly acquit Mr. Willis-Bund of something which seems very like carelessness. "Indeed you revel in a business," where Howell has "you revel in a business"—i.e. bring in irrelevant matter—is no more than a printer's error, though an annoying one. "I had liked to have been knocked on the head" should of course be "I had like." For the name of "Harcourt" at p. 611 we should read that of Whitebread, a slip which a careful student will soon correct for himself, but which yet may cause him some perplexity at first. And it is vexatious to have Father La Chaise persistently called Le Chaise in one trial and Le Cheese in another—perversions of spelling which have no warrant from Howell. But in the case of John James, the Fifth-Monarchy preacher, we note a point of real importance. The contemporary narrative in Howell tells us that the congregation was assembled "in Bulstake-alley (where was the place of their public meeting, the doors being open)." This is abridged by Mr. Willis-Bund thus:—"James used to preach in a Meeting-House in Bulstake Alley"; and he continues to speak of "the Meeting-House" with capitals, where Howell has simply "the meeting-place." We need not point out how different are the ideas conveyed by these two expressions. But there is worse yet. "The Meeting-House" is further improved into a chapel. James "said if he could not speak he might as well have been hung at his chapel gate as brought there." Any one who knows the position of Nonconformists and Sectaries in Charles II.'s time could not, we should have thought, fail to be astounded by this expression. The very term chapel, as applied to a Dissenting place of worship, strikes on the ear as an anachronism. But when we turn to Howell, we find that John James knew nothing about "his chapel"—a term which probably he would have considered redolent of Popish superstition—but simply said that "they had as good have hanged him at Bull-stake Alley gate." Then Mr. Willis-Bund quotes Keble's report of the case, giving no reference to the page—an omission which we should not have expected of a professional man—and misprints and mispunctuates it in a manner inexcusable when we consider that even if he could not refer to the original, he found it given, not indeed with perfect but with substantial accuracy, in Howell. "Compassing and imagining" for "Compassing and Imagination" Howell is answerable for; but "the Lord's battles" in the plural for "the Lords Battel" in the singular; marks of parenthesis omitted; "the prisoner's treason" for "the prime Treason," an error which destroys the sense of the passage, are Mr. Willis-Bund's own. Next follows a bit which he has rendered unintelligible:—

But the uncertainty is bounded by the Statute 25 Edward III. which is only declaratory of the common law; for the case of the subject bare words at common law being treason, there is more than that, preaching is an overt act, at least by Statute 13 Car. II. c. 1, of preserving the King's person.

Really if Mr. Willis-Bund does not correct his proofs himself, he should employ some one who will not print sheer nonsense. Keble wrote, intelligibly enough, "declaratory of the Common Law for the ease of the Subject, bare words at Common Law being Treason, this is more than that preaching is an overt Act" (given by Howell, "this is more than that, preaching is an overt act"). Further, Mr. Willis-Bund gives us "swore the words practically" for Keble's "swore the words punctually," and "the land" for "this land." It is comparatively a trifle, but why, when John James described himself as "being a mean inconsiderable person, a man that had lived upon his calling," should Mr. Willis-Bund turn it into "he lived on his means," which sounds as if, like Archibald Grosvenor, he was "a man of property"? In Vane's case the reader will probably be puzzled at finding Sir Henry made to write of "the more than forty jurymen that resolved to kill Paul." It should be "the more than forty Jewry-men." Vane in this probably intended a pun, as he was comparing them to his jury, who "must not eat nor drink till they had done their work"; but his conceit is intelligible only in Howell's spelling. At p. 316 Mr. Willis-Bund's punctuation, and omission of the marks of parenthesis, has completely obscured the argument of the Attorney-General; lower down, the date of an entry in the Journal-Book of the House of Commons, which was produced in evidence, is given as if it was the date of the production on the trial. At p. 324, we have the unintelligible sentence, "This they all, one by one, declared themselves unanimous in denying him the benefit of that Act." The corresponding passage in Vane's own account in Howell is good English:—"By this

means they were all put upon it, one by one, to declare themselves in that point, unanimously denying him the benefit of that Act." Various reports of Vane's case are cited, and in that from Levinz, "the present pardon" is substituted for "the General Pardon."

As our author is anxious to show that the trials were fairly conducted, it is the more remarkable that in the case of Scot the regicide he should have passed one witness over in entire silence. In the course of the trial Scot had urged that there was no good evidence of his presence in the High Court of Justice, the witnesses "know not where I sat, nor my posture." Mr. Willis-Bund makes Scot immediately pass on to another subject, leaving the reader to suppose that no notice was taken of his objection. But in reality a Crown witness was at once produced who swore that Scot had sat two rows above Bradshaw, and to the left. Of course this evidence is in one way unimportant, for there was no real doubt about the main fact. But it is worth recording, as showing that the prisoner's defence was treated with due attention, at least in form. The case of another regicide, Augustine Garland, is thus summarized:—

Garland desired that evidence might be brought against him, a witness named Clark swore that Garland spat in the King's face; thereupon Garland confessed his guilt.

This is giving a very inadequate notion of what occurred, and is hardly just towards Garland. As his case stands in Howell, Garland at first pleaded Not Guilty; but when again brought to the bar he stated that he had come intending to waive his plea, but that "hearing of some scandal upon me"—the story of his insult to the King—he desired to be tried. He added that he confessed to sitting and signing the death-warrant, and that if it had not been for this scandal, he would not have put the Court to any trouble. A witness then swore that he saw the insult given, to which Garland answered, "If I was guilty of this inhumanity, I desire no favour from God Almighty." Having thus done what he could to clear himself from the imputation of having committed an act of mean brutality, he withdrew his plea, and referred himself to the Court. After saying thus much, we must give Mr. Willis-Bund credit for having sometimes corrected manifest mistakes in Howell. We cannot doubt, for example, that he is right in substituting "a cow that he had agisted" for Howell's "cow that he had gifted." Still, with all possible allowances, and taking into consideration that the majority of the trials seem to be given with accuracy, we own that we are surprised that blemishes such as we have mentioned should exist in a work of such pretensions, and one in many respects so excellent.

THE BOOK-HUNTER.*

MODERN publishers appear to have much the same ideas about luxury in books as ancient housewives keep up about comfort in beds. Most of us have suffered sleepless nights from the unlimited size, warmth, and depth of the old-fashioned feather-bedded four-poster. Every one prefers the iron modern article, which is light, cool, and not surrounded by funeral curtains, nor overshadowed by a dismal canopy. Now Dr. Burton's *Book-Hunter* in the original edition answered to the light modern bed. It was just the most convenient size, it was portable and could be carried in the pocket, was light in the hand, and in every respect was worthy of its subject and its author. The publishers cannot plead that the art of producing such a volume is lost, for their own *Ballad Book*, containing the lyrical waifs collected by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, is just what a book of this kind should be. Unhappily, in republishing Dr. Burton's excellent *Book-Hunter* they have relapsed into the delusion that a "choice" book should be a huge, overstuffed, unwieldy book, a perfect Falstaff of a book, like the modern reprint of Elyot's *Governour*, or the *édition de luxe*, falsely so called, of Thackeray and Fielding. These vast volumes answer, in idea, to the fluffy four-posted feather-bed, and are just as ill suited to modern needs. We do not mean to say that an uncritical public does not think that a bloated book is a fine book. The public demoralization may be gauged by the slabs of books, as big as the sides of a stone cist, which are put forth at Christmas-time. But Dr. Burton, the author of the sadly swollen volume before us, was not one of the untutored public. He himself was a collector, an amateur. We can hardly help believing that he would have vastly preferred that old pleasant companion of the book-lovers, his original edition, to this ponderous tome. It must be allowed that the little woodcuts of Craighouse, where Dr. Burton lived, and of Dalmeny Church, where he is buried, are charming little works of art, and the more valuable as we owe them to the skill of Dr. Burton's daughters. But there would have been room for these in an exact reproduction of the old *Book-Hunter*, while we certainly do not recognize a very striking likeness in Mr. Hole's etching of Dr. Burton from a photograph.

Dr. Burton's widow has added to this, perhaps his most popular work, a brief memoir of her husband. To this memoir, as the *Book-Hunter* is well known, we mean to confine our remarks. It is written with extreme candour, and is of very considerable interest, carrying us back to those old Scottish times of which Dr. Burton, like Dr. John Brown, knew so much. The subject of the

memoir was born in the Gallowgate of Aberdeen in 1809. His pedigree is somewhat obscure beyond his grandfather's time. That ancestor was a singular person, whose wife's health was enfeebled by a rapid succession of children. On her death, the surviving parent most illogically betook himself to hating his innocent offspring. His wife's body he placed in an open coffin in a wood, and thither he would repair to bewail his loss. The fortunes of the children were odd enough to make the material for a novel. The Scotch of that date seem to have been of a violence of character which would have endeared them to Emily Brontë. Dr. Burton's mother married, after painful struggles with her family, an officer in a marching regiment. When the future historian was a child, the vessel in which he and his parents were returning from Jersey was chased, and nearly captured, by a French privateer. This was the "share in the Peninsular war" of which Dr. Burton in later life has been heard to speak. At school near Aberdeen Dr. Burton suffered more real dangers from flogging dominies. The Doctor himself once suffered from a swollen lip, the consequence of a fight. The dominie thereon, being perhaps a short-sighted man, accused him of "looking impudent." The poor boy could not help "shooting out the lip" which was swollen, and was beaten till the master, by the violence of his exertions, caused himself an internal injury, from which he never recovered. His later education, only less rough, the Doctor received at Marischal College, where the men were "unkempt" enough to satisfy even Professor Blackie. From Aberdeen Dr. Burton betook himself to Edinburgh, where he pursued historical and biographical studies to the end of his life. At one time his sole income was derived from literature, a mode of life which he described as "anxious, but by no means unhappy." He wrote a *Life of Hume*, *Lives of Simon, Lord Lovat, and Forbes of Culloden*, and a manual of political economy. We presume that this was the book in which he found room for that celebrated anecdote concerning Ayrshire cheeses, which successive editors of the *Scotman* so sturdily resisted. In 1854, after the death of his first wife, Dr. Burton received an official appointment. He seems to have won his second wife by his gift of humour and store of anecdote, qualities pleasantly illustrated in the *Book-Hunter*. His literary work, especially his Scottish histories, Dr. Burton performed between eight in the evening and two in the morning. Perhaps it was partly his attachment to those hours which made him in the later years of his life shun the social enjoyments of Edinburgh. Mrs. Burton had, when a child, a fancy for haunting the ruins of Craighouse, in the Braid Hills. To please her, Dr. Burton acquired the lease of this very ancient place, which has remains, as he conceived, of the Roman period. Craighouse, in much more recent times, had been besieged by the unwelcome son of Mary Stuart. Of this old mansion Dr. Burton presented the keys to his wife as a birthday present, and, from 1861 till quite recently, the family lived in that fresh hill air and romantic landscape which the fortunate people of Edinburgh have actually at their doors. At Craighouse Dr. Burton amassed about ten thousand volumes. He was one of those collectors who gather books useful for their studies. Happy is the man who has, in his chosen topic, an excuse for buying books worth having, and who is not compelled to get together shabby modern German volumes with no beauty that one should desire them. Books on ancient Scotch history and manners are not very much sought for out of Scotland, and when this *Book-Hunter* had finished his life's work, and sold his library, he was disappointed with the results. We quote a passage from an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which is evidently meant to describe the Doctor and his learned den:—

We have had the privilege of dropping in upon him in what we might call his lair, if the word did not sound disrespectful. It was in a venerable, half-castellated, ivy-grown manor-house, among avenues of ancient trees, where the light had first to struggle through the foliage before it fell on the narrow windows, in walls that were many feet in thickness. And seldom, surely, has so rich a collection been stowed away in so strange a suite of rooms. Rooms, indeed, are hardly the word. The central point, where the proprietor wrote and studied, was a vaulted chamber, and all around was a labyrinth of passages to which you mounted or descended by a step or two; of odd nooks and sombre little corridors, and tiny apartments squeezed aside into corners, and lighted either from the corridor or by a lancet-window or a loophole. The floors were of polished oak or deal; the ceilings of stone or whitewashed; and as to the walls, you could see nothing of them for the panelling of shelves and the backs of the volumes. It was books—books—books—everywhere; the brilliant modern binding of recent works relieving the dull and far more appropriate tints of work-worn leather and time-stained vellum. To the visitor it seemed confusion worse confounded; though wherever his glance happened to fall, he had assurance of the treasures heaped at random around him. But his host carried the clue to the labyrinth in his brain, and could lay his hand on the spur of the moment on the book he happened to want. And with the wonders he had to offer for your admiration, you forgot the flight of time, till you woke up from your abstraction in the enchanted library, to inquire about the manuscript that was in course of publication.

It is difficult to imagine a more delightful literary retirement or a happier life than that of the *Book-Hunter* in the society of children to whom he was attached. His letters to his boys and girls are models of what such compositions should be, so full are they of instruction delightfully conveyed, without a touch of the manner of Mr. Barlow or of *Evenings at Home*. In one of the letters Dr. Burton mentions that conglomerate is called "the breeding stone" in Hertfordshire. This reminds one of the celebrated "breeding stones" in Hawaii. When any native lady of rank has a child, it is fabled that the sacred stone by the temple brings into the world a little pebble. In 1867 Dr. Burton was appointed Historiographer Royal, and the office pleased him none the less

* *The Book-Hunter*. By John Hill Burton, D.C.L., LL.D. A New Edition, with Memoir of the Author. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1882.

because it was the gift of a Conservative Government to a scholar of the Liberal party. His income was now about 900*l.* a year, for which sum it seems that near Edinburgh a man may dwell in an ancient chateau and collect books to his heart's desire, while he also educates a large family. *Felices Scoti nimum*, and yet they keep crossing Tweed and taking that view of their native land which Dr. Johnson reckoned the finest. In 1878 Craighouse was sold to the managers of a Lunatic Asylum, and Dr. Burton, wandering further afield, took up his abode at Morton. He was now out of range of Edinburgh hospitalities; almost all his old friends had joined the majority, and new friends he refused to make. His latest years and holidays were given to studying the battlefields of Marlborough's wars. Dr. Burton did not long survive the completion of his latest work, which doubtless is not without the faults of old age and of increasing, though unconscious, weakness. The biographical sketch, by Mrs. Burton, gives a very distinct portrait of a scholar and a humorist; reserved, and even dry, in his manner to strangers, but kind, charitable, and affectionate. His charitable performances were certainly peculiar in manner.

Dr. Burton was always much interested in the Christmas-tree, and used to contribute largely to it what he called *trash*—i.e., cheap fancy articles, if he happened to be in London before Christmas-time, or money if he did not. His mode of visiting poor people was peculiar. He no sooner heard of any plan of benevolence towards them than he was determined it should be immediately carried out, and utterly impatient of all preparations. He chose to carry a basket, the heavier the better, but would on no account enter a cottage, still less speak to an inmate. He preferred such expeditions in the dark, that he might successfully hide himself outside while his wife went in to distribute his bounty.

With remarkable candour his biographer observes that "John Hill Burton can never have been handsome, and he so determinedly neglected his person as to increase its natural defects. His greatest mental defect was an almost entire want of imagination. From this cause the characters of those nearest and dearest to him remained to his life's end a sealed book." In this defect lay, perhaps, the chief intellectual difference between Dr. Burton and his old friend and contemporary, the most kind and sympathetic of men, Dr. John Brown. Dr. Burton's work, after all, chiefly appeals to scholars and lovers of books. His studies of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, of De Quincey, and of other mighty book-hunters are rather strings of anecdote than analyses of character. But the *Book-Hunter* remains by far the most amusing and learned of modern books about books. It is a work literally replete with diversion; and we trust that, when this too ponderous edition is exhausted, the publishers may reprint the *Book-Hunter*, with Mrs. Burton's biography, in its ancient form and habit.

MOZLEY'S REMINISCENCES.*

(Second Notice.)

AFTER the good stories have been enjoyed, the procession of many characters, grotesque or venerable, has filed by, and the strange speculations have been wondered at, the solid question remains in the mouth of the student of Mr. Mozley—What do I learn of Newman, the Newman who first filled the world with his name, not Newman of the Sacred College, nor Newman of the Oratory, nor even Newman of Littlemore, but Newman of Oriel and the Oxford Tracts, which I could not find in the *Apologia* or elsewhere? We answer that, of that Mr. Newman, in his the earliest and to our mind most interesting phase, we do find a great deal which comes, to this generation at all events, with the imprint of novelty, while little worth recording is given by comparison of the later vicissitudes of his career. This honest restrictiveness constitutes the peculiar value of this spectacle of the great Anglican revivalist who is recalled to visit as if from *outre tombe* a world older by fifty feverish years.

The *Apologia pro Vita Sua* is, as its second title indicates, the history of its author's opinions, and of opinions which to a considerable extent he no longer holds or respects. His actions only come in as subsidiary illustrations of the growth of these opinions. In this one statement we have the explanation of the apparent paradox that the closeness of the analysis of the self-painted picture makes it defective, owing to the very minuteness of its parts as an adequate presentment of the entire subject. It needed the "impressionist" to supply the corresponding landscape. It is a piece of good fortune little to have been hoped for that one so very close to Newman should have been reserved to supply the complementary narrative from personal knowledge, and while he can still command readers to whom the monograph is not merely history. The book, if it had been posthumous, and only published for those who never had known Mr. Newman, would have lost much of its value. Besides, the *Apologia* itself already belongs to a past age, and the time has come for another record. Viewed not so much in regard to the writer's own opinions as of the circumstances under which he made his revelation, those confessions, now eighteen years old, are almost as remote from these days on one side as it is from those of the Tracts on the other. In 1864 the Pope was still a king and still fallible, while the French Empire seemed a stable institution. In Ireland the Established Church and the established ideas of property still prevailed, and

England enjoyed the blessings of a limited franchise and open voting; while the relations of Mr. Newman to the Church of the Council of Trent can only relatively be said to correspond with those of Cardinal Newman to the Church of the Council of the Vatican. By way of illustrating the sort of light which Mr. Mozley's anecdotes throw upon the references of the *Apologia*, we will quote (necessarily abridged) the passage in which Dr. Newman embodied his feelings towards the head of his college, Dr. Hawkins, still alive to every question of interest, seventy-one years after his degree and fifty-four after his election, in honoured retirement at Rochester, where up till this day a stall has been attached to the Provostship of Oriel:—

I can say with a full heart that I love him and have never ceased to love him. I thus preface what might otherwise seem rude, that in the course of the many years we were together afterwards he provoked me very much, from time to time, though I am perfectly certain that I provoked him a great deal more. . . . He was the first who taught me to weigh my words and to be courteous in my statements. . . . Then, as to doctrine, he was the means of great additions to my belief. . . . It was Dr. Hawkins, too, who taught me to anticipate that, before many years were over, there would be an attack made upon the books and the canon of Scripture. . . . There is one other principle which I gained from Dr. Hawkins more directly bearing upon Catholicism than any that I have mentioned, and that is the doctrine of Tradition.

These sentences might, to the uninformed, seem a somewhat commonplace description of a moderately intimate acquaintance, but Mr. Mozley reminds them that under this friendly language are hid the facts that Mr. Newman's own vote made Dr. Hawkins Provost of Oriel as against Keble, and that afterwards Mr. Newman was deprived of his Tutorship by Dr. Hawkins, on a difference proceeding from his reforming zeal, an incident which was at the time a grievous disappointment, while in its results it became a turning-point of his career, from the leisure and the stimulus which it gave him to embark on the more free and adventurous career of a reformer with a Church and not a College as the object of his solicitude. But we have no time to linger over personal details. We desire to concentrate our attention on the central incident of Mr. Newman crusading as editor of the *Tracts for the Times*, and see how he paints himself in that character and how he is painted by Mr. Mozley, and we think we shall show that the slight differences only go to establish a substantial identity of statement. Of course the reader must throw himself into the times as they were in 1833. He must recall England, recovering from the drastic effects of a first Parliamentary reform, old things seeming to totter more than they were—then at least—really tottering; the Church too conscious of being Established and too little of being Apostolic, with its enemies assailing one characteristic and denying the other; men highly placed in the Universities, who should have stood between the living and the dead, in their selfishness and their cowardice mistaking friend for foe; and society in general profoundly ignorant, suspicious, and impatient of all that world of theological fact and that copious vocabulary of ecclesiastical phraseology which is now universally recognized and partially understood by opponents no less than by supporters. After sundry conferences with friends of opinions more or less identical, of whom one was a distinguished Cambridge divine and scholar, Hugh James Rose, as to whom—curiously modifying what was otherwise high praise—Dr. Newman records in the *Apologia* that "Rose could not go ahead across country as Froude had no scruple in doing," that with him "the chief test of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work"; and, what was worst, that he was "Conservative" and believed in Committees, while Newman's hopes were centred on Universities. In fact, both men had strongly in them the spirit of leadership; but, while Rose appreciated the necessity of organization, Mr. Newman concentrated himself on that personal influence which ought to begin by being sure of the prior possession of a sufficient material to influence. That he did so deeply influence a stubborn generation, in spite of such a deficiency, indicates his transcendent genius. But we are forestalling. Self-condemned, not indeed to isolation, but to the co-operation of a clique, he buckled himself in 1833 to the apparently hopeless task of regenerating the Church of England through the influence of a series of Tracts, these Tracts being themselves intended to form the rallying cry of what could not help being, however much their authors might try to shut their eyes, a distinct party in that. This is his own description of the way in which he set to work:—

For myself, I was not the person to take the lead of a party; I never was from first to last more than a leading author of a school, nor did I ever wish to be anything else. This is my own account of the matter, and I say it, neither as intending to disown the responsibility of what was done, nor as ungrateful to those who at that time made more of me than I deserved, and did more for my sake and at my bidding than I myself. . . . At no time have I acted on others without their acting on me.

Meanwhile young men from Oxford, as he describes, spread the Tracts and their opinions over the country.

Thus the movement, viewed with relation to myself, was but a floating opinion; it was not a power. . . . My great principle ever was, Live and let live. I never had the steadiness or dignity necessary for a leader. To the last I never recognized the hold I held over young men. . . . I felt great impatience at our being called a party, and would never allow that we were one.

Now, then, let us look at Mr. Mozley's picture of the machinery which Mr. Newman set in action:—

The tracts had to be circulated by post, by hand, or anyhow, and many a young clergyman spent days in riding about with a pocketful, surprising his neighbours at breakfast, lunch, dinner, and tea. The correspondence

* *Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement.* By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longman, Green, & Co. 1882.

that ensued was immense. Nobody was too humble in intellect or in clerical position not to be invited and enrolled as an ally. Men survive, or have but lately passed away, who can never have known what it was to share a glory and a greatness except at that happy time. The world would now wonder to see a list of the great Cardinals' friends. He had a remarkable quality which presents a strange contrast to the common habit of vulgar depreciators. Like Walter Scott, he could only see the best and highest parts of the human character, hoping ever against hope.

This was that Mr. Newman, who had persuaded himself that he was not aware of his influence over young men. Probably he was not so; but, measuring other men's single-hearted enthusiasm by his own, he fancied they were doing all this work, not at all because they had fallen under his spell, but solely because the work itself was entrancing them. The following passage still more closely illustrates the statements of the *Apologia*:—

It was Newman's way to accept the suggestion of times, circumstances, and persons, and so to allow people to believe themselves the original movers, if it were at all possible. This sometimes gave an undue appearance of originality and finality to a proceeding, or to a mere concurrence. If he always left, as it were, a nest-egg for something beyond, that he did not need, for though it might not be in the programme, it was not beyond the scope of the occasion. From the first he insisted on what may be called a loose formation. He would neither bind nor be bound. He had seen enough of societies. He did not like committees. He suspected everything metropolitan. Great cities were great evils, he used to say. Yet there must be a centre. Universities, he said, were, in this country, the centres of intellect and of religion. So they that chose to write on the lines of the Church of England might send him what they had to say, and he would see to have it printed and circulated. Of course there must have been also some distribution of subjects.

Mr. Newman, in fact, did not know his own popularity, he did not know his own power—popularity and power, both of them confronted by bitter antagonism, of which he had too keen though distant an appreciation, while all the time he was buoyed up by an overmastering self-consciousness, which, while untainted by vanity, was always deluding him with Plato's vain imagination that Truth was so beautiful in herself that she had only to be seen as she really was to be accepted by all men. His temptation was to be too keenly sensitive to the apparent discouragement of insufficient visible results, while there had not been time for more. His army was not only a loose formation, but was, as far as he knew about it, all officers, and even those only partially identified by the general. The wonder was not that the success of the movement was so limited during his supremacy, but that its unconscious gains had been so many, so real, and so widely spread during that period. Viewed in the light of his own mental analysis, illustrated as it is by Mr. Mozley, Mr. Newman's defection, which may now be dated from his retreat to Littlemore in 1839, is not so marvellous. He tells us how, in a rather superb contempt of modern circumstances, he would recognize no safe entrenchment except within a University. Elsewhere he tells us in the *Apologia*, "My own Bishop was my Pope; I knew no other; the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ." At the same time he had, as he says, "absolute confidence in my cause." It was no wonder, then, that when his own University and his own Bishop failed him, he should fail himself. How far his prepossessions were wrenched may be judged from the fact that his place of refuge within the Roman fold after a passing trial of Dublin has permanently become Birmingham. The marvel of the affair is to us who can look back, not that Newman's work in the Church of England seemed to have failed with Newman, but that Newman's work has proved itself to have succeeded there without Newman. The visible form which the movement assumed in Mr. Newman's hands was mainly that of literature, and mainly of serial literature, approaching, yet falling short of, journalism in its modern significance. The years of his unquestioning allegiance to the Church of England were those of the Oxiord Tracts, the *British Magazine*, the Library of the Fathers, the Anglo-Catholic Library, the successive volumes of *Parochial Sermons*, the *British Critic* with its essay-like articles, and his doubting days found their outlet in the successive numbers of *Lives of British Saints*. After he had gone, while the flow of solid literature suffered no ebb, we heard on one side of Church newspapers, and on the other of Church Unions of the old type, Architectural and Ecclesiastical Societies, Committees to form and guide sisterhoods and Houses of Charity or to sustain missions, of Church Restorations, Choral Festivals, Guilds, and so forth. Later on has come the compact system of the English Church Union, and that novel growth of Congresses, Church Defence Societies, Conferences, and so on, organized, indeed, to take in both sides, but certainly working very much to the advantage of the High party. Personally Dr. Newman would have little sympathy with these later developments of his movement, and in Roman Catholic eyes they would appear to be tainted with much contempt for formal authority. Yet all this energy within the Church of England, humanly speaking, must have remained undeveloped but for the impulse given half a century back by the self-communing student, yet, in spite of self, leader of men in his gloomy rooms at Oriel College.

To put the matter in a familiar way, the Anglican Mr. Newman wanted a man Friday—a chief of the staff or whip—to reduce theory to practice, and create machinery; some one as attractive as Henry Wilberforce, but his reverse in habits of business, or some Hugh James Rose with Henry Wilberforce's geniality. As it was, there was always a deficiency, illustrated as it is by that curious "we" which so characteristically recurs down to this day in Dr. Pusey's letters, and recalls the few men of conspicuous piety, learning, and ability who shut the window and drew down the

blind before they took counsel together, and earned the imputation of being a conspiracy because they were so innocent of the conspirator's arts.

We have no space to follow out the vicissitudes of Mr. Newman's history, either during his years of doubting between the English and Roman systems, or during those of his adhesion to Rome, under conditions which we must leave to posterity to construct out of his own published revelations. The two things which are incontestable are his greatness and his influence. Of the mode of either we are not yet competent to judge, and when the decision is reached the writer who dares to undertake the task must compare, contrast, and harmonize Mr. Newman of Oriel and the Church of England, Cardinal Newman of the Oratory and the Church of Rome, and everywhere John Henry Newman in his own unique individuality.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, 1655.*

WHATEVER view may be taken as to the glories of Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, no faithful picture of it can be drawn without shadows many and deep. The year of which the records are before us, in the most recent instalment of the results of Mrs. Everett Green's arduous labours, was neither the gloomiest nor the most glorious of the Protector's wonderful *quinquennium*, for the system of military government begun in 1655 had not time in that year fully to display its character, and though Dryden uses a poetic license in asserting that Cromwell's "latest victories still thickest came," yet his foreign policy was only beginning fully to declare itself with the conclusion of the treaty and alliance with France. But it was a year, notwithstanding, of high significance in English history. At the close of 1654, when Blake had made the name of England feared in the Mediterranean, Venables and Penn had sailed to attack the empire of Spain in the New World. The expedition miscarried; but Jamaica, upon which the unsteady ambition of Charles I.'s favourite Minister had in vain cast longing eyes, became an English possession. The declaration of war against Spain, which all but coincided in date with the conclusion of the French treaty, hardly marks the religious tendencies of Cromwell's foreign policy more plainly than does the attitude at once taken up by his Government in this year towards the sufferings of the Waldenses. As yet nothing was accomplished beyond ordering a public fast, and urging a thoroughly organized subscription in all the parishes of the country for "the poor Protestants." But Cromwell was not the man to imitate the tactics of James I. when he ordered the collection of voluntary contributions for the defence of the Palatinate without having made up his mind as to his own policy; and the prayers and offerings of 1655 were to be followed by the very decisive intervention of 1656. At home the former year witnessed the outbreak and the suppression of a Royalist rising, which might possibly have proved as formidable as it was made to appear by the Government—the celebrated Salisbury insurrection. But the real importance did not lie in the struggle itself, which was brief and abortive, and virtually ended with the fight at South Molton, where, according to a curious passage in a contemporary letter summarized by Mrs. Green, "the *Tories*, as the Somersetshire men called them, were routed." Its immediate consequence was a decimation-tax on the estates of all Royalists, as palpably unjust as it was grievously oppressive, and the still more momentous measure dividing England into military districts under major-generals, assisted by "Commissioners for securing the peace of the Commonwealth," who, like the decarchies under the Lysandrian harmosts, assisted the chosen agents of the central holder of power.

It is undoubtedly a dark and a dreary time into which the volume helps us to gain some further insight. Nor is it less dark because of the flashes of furious hatred which shoot across it from the head-quarters of the royalist emigration, or less dreary because of the academical gambollings of the Williamson correspondence. From Cologne, indeed, there are two currents of information; for, in addition to the letters of Sir Edward Nicholas just referred to, which, much against his will, found their way into the hands of the Council, this volume contains several of the ciphered communications of Manning, *alias* Butler, who was in Hyde's service and in Thurloe's pay, and who at the end of the year was found out, and shot by order of Charles II. In the rumours reported by Royalist pens concerning the Protector's intentions no one is likely to seek for undiluted or unexpanded truth, though a grain of it may occasionally not be absent from the composition. Thus it is true that in 1656 Cromwell established a life-guard of 160 men—no useless precaution, as "inventive Sindercomb" was shortly afterwards to find; and no doubt the matter was already under consideration in the previous year. Accordingly in September 1655 Charles II. received intelligence to the effect that

Cromwell has been three months treating with the Swiss to raise him a body guard of 3,000, because he cannot trust his own army, as they are generally averse to what he desires, and he would depend upon these as the Turk upon his janizaries. For this purpose a Swiss colonel has been some time with him, but has lately come over to this side the sea.

To conceal the design, many Swiss families have been brought over and sent to London, and more are coming daily. To compass this, all the money collected for the relief of the Protestants in Savoy, and much more, is sent over to Switzerland to be employed in that service; if he bring it to pass, he can order the city of London as he pleases, and not fear his army.

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1655*. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. 1881.

Carried out on a scale like that indicated in the above extract, the notion of a little army of Calvinist mercenaries guarding the person of the Protector would have indeed formed a curious climax to the history of the relations between the Swiss and the English (and Scottish) revolution, of which Professor Adolf Stern has in a noteworthy essay traced the beginnings. But the Royalists abroad were not content with eagerly circulating, and as eagerly believing, all rumours tending to the discredit of the Protector, or suggesting doubts in the stability of his government. Writing from Rotterdam to Secretary Nicholas, Luke Whittington regrets that his news of Cromwell's death did not prove true; expresses his concurrence in the Secretary's belief that the usurper will die a violent death; and adds his own opinion that to this end "all honest and loyal subjects are bound to contribute their utmost endeavours, for his removal is the only way to settle his Majesty in his 3 kingdoms without much bloodshed. There is," the Secretary's correspondent, like a practical person, goes on to hint, "an honest, sober, and resolute man, who will undertake it if he may have his Majesty's authority, be restored to his ancestors' rights, now in the hands of rebels, as soon as the King is restored, and have 1,000 guilders to furnish him for the work." Nor, if the spy Manning is to be believed, was this honest and sober man alone in his way of looking at the matter; for "when Major Holael left" Cologne, "he took a pistol of Lord Gerard's, and was to give him 100*l.* for it, unless the Lord Protector were killed in 3 months, and last post they gave much encouragement."

Of disaffection there was, of course, an incalculable amount both before and after the unlucky "Salisbury Insurrection," and the drastic reprisals which ensued upon it. Such measures as the Protector's proclamation of July 6, commanding "all who have been of the party of the late king or his sons to depart London and Westminster" within a week's time, sufficiently betray the helplessness of the Government towards its enemies. When, after the suppression of the insurrection, commissions of *oyer and terminer* had been issued for the trial of those who had taken part in it in the West or in the North, there was much apprehension lest juries could not be got to deliver the necessary verdicts, and the machinery of the law had to be eased according. "I entreat you," writes Colonel Copleston, Sheriff of Devon, from Exeter,

to do your utmost to get as many honest petty jurymen as you can, as there will be a gaol delivery for the county held at the Castle on the 18th, and there will be great strivings by the Cavalier party to corrupt the jury. I have sent you a warrant to prevent it, that such may appear as will not favour the interest. Tell them I only want them for this time, and it shall be no prejudice to them. It would be sad for such villains to escape.

P.S.—I will pay your charges in warning the men.

Nothing, in our opinion at least, could exceed the shamelessness of the plea on the strength of which the whole Royalist party, including those who had compounded on previous occasions and had obtained their pardon, were made to suffer for the errors of the few. Mrs. Green has appropriately reprinted at the close of her Calendar proper the Protector's Declaration in Council, intended to put on record his reasons for the severity with which the insurrection had been avenged. No one, he argues, can suppose that Wilmot and Wagstaff would have come over, that the pretended King would have *proposed* to come over, and that sums of such magnitude would have been raised, had there not been more persons involved in the matter than appeared in it. He afterwards made the same very safe, and, up to a certain point, very true, assertion in his speech of September 17th, 1656, appealing, as we find from Carlyle's ornate report, to the evidence of Manning, who, for giving this intelligence, had unfortunately lost his life since "in Neuburg Country."

Mrs. Green, the value of whose succinct and business-like prefaces impresses itself more and more upon us with every successive volume of the Calendars issuing under her editorship, is no doubt correct in the reason which she assigns for the severe exactions from the Royalists in general, and from those of Guernsey and Jersey in particular. She finds it in "the impecuniosity of Government," a fact on which the whole of this volume may be described as a running commentary. For this impecuniosity the needs of the great spending services were of course, in the first instance, responsible. Not only would the whole conduct of the Administration have been signally facilitated, but the history of England might, for a time at least, have taken a very different turn, had the Protector been able to reduce the army as he wished, both in England and in Scotland. But to bring about this result it was of course necessary to pay off the arrears, and for this the money was wanting. Special causes had contributed to the emptiness of the Treasury, which extraordinary means had thus to be taken to supply. Through a considerable portion of this volume runs the wretched story of Abraham Granger and Joshua Fugill's, and their "most bosom friends and trotters" frauds upon the revenue, with their recriminations upon one another, and their piteous appeals for mercy, clothed in the unctuous phraseology usual at the time. On the other hand, appeals for money, in one shape or another, besiege the Council from all sides, and seem, it is but just to add, very generally to be met by a readiness so far as possible to meet the justice or exigencies of each case. Not only are noblemen, and actually late personal servants of the Royal family, found proffering their requests for a consideration of their losses or a mitigation of their needs, but petitioners possessed of real or supposed claims upon the existing Government add to its reasons

for desiring to be saved from its friends. The widow of Sir William Fairfax (Major-General of Horse under Ferdinand, Lord Fairfax), who lost his life in the service of the Parliament early in the Civil War, applies for a grant of money, having only received 1,500*l.* out of 4,000*l.* of arrears due, but having hitherto remained passive, "while matters of so great concern were in hand." The widow of John Meldrum, "eldest colonel of horse in the late army," slain at Cheriton fight, as she has waited seven years for the arrears of her husband, without receiving anything whatever, and is starving, applies for aid, "among other distressed widows whom God has put it into your heart to relieve." And yet another widow begs that, out of a grant of 5,000*l.*, made to her husband or herself by two, or virtually three, Parliaments, "some competent sum should be paid to her forthwith." This "woman of sorrows," as she calls herself, was the relic of Bastwick, the victim of the Star Chamber; and she at last obtained a pension of 20*s.* a week, with a prospect of some further allowance. To these humiliating, but no doubt unavoidable, compromises with the responsibilities of the Government corresponded a vigorous attempt to reduce its current expenditure. Among the various reductions in April 1655 occurs that of John Milton's salary from 288*l.* to 150*l.*; but Professor Masson has so elaborately argued the question as to what this change does or may mean that we need not enter into it here. The same authority reminds us that the economical reform of the Protector's Council was after all not more formidable than some other economical reforms of later times have proved, inasmuch as Marchmont Needham, and not he alone, is afterwards found receiving the salary which the Order of the Council declares to be taken away.

Next to the troubles besetting the political government and the finances of the State, the religious difficulties of the time occupy much space in this volume. One form assumed by them is that of contentions between the ministers approved by the Commissioners of Triers and the predecessors whom they had supplanted. Elsewhere the parishioners protest against a change of minister with which they are threatened; while the inhabitants of Harwich protest against having any longer to content themselves without "a godly divine of their own choice." "In the corrupt times of the late king we were joined to Dovercourt, a mile off, and the vicar preached at each place once on the Lord's Day; but this has led to profaneness, tippling, and gaming in both places." But the ecclesiastical controversies, so far as they find their way into these State Papers, are chiefly of the nature of personal quarrels, or of complaints like the first in order of calendaring—that of "some honest men of Witney" against a divine presented to the living by no less a personage than Speaker Lenthall, and yet reprobated by the complainants as "a cavalier and a dull preacher." Altogether, the illustrations contained in this Calendar as to the working of the religious system of the Protectorate, though numerous, are of no specially instructive nature. Of the many currents of opposition to the existing establishment, there are few signs, except the prayer of the "baptized believers in and about Chard," who, having "separated from the public worship of this nation for conscience sake," beg leave to hold their meetings in the unoccupied shire hall.

It is natural enough that this volume should be unusually barren of details of a lighter interest. If it was not a "darkness of Egypt" which, as Mr. F. T. Palgrave makes his *Mourning Muses* lament, overlay the land, it was at least a time when men held their breath, and when life lacked most of what makes an age of history seem beautiful to after ages. The only literary enterprise of which this volume contains a notice was, however, a design worthy both of those who conceived it and of the government which sought to facilitate its execution—a Polyglot Bible, with an introduction and guide to the nine Oriental languages in which the sacred text was to be printed. The promoters acknowledge Sir Gilbert Pickering's favour in the business. The name of Dryden's first cousin constantly recurs in this volume, and among the Militia Commissioners named early in the year in fifteen English counties, for taking active measures towards the preservation of the public peace, are found Sir John Dryden, the poet's uncle, a strong Puritan, and William Dryden. The Universities are almost as silent in this volume as the sciences which they cultivate; but King's College and Eton alike succeed in making good their claims for arrears due on account of the commuted grant to them by their royal founder of some tuns of Gascony wine. A still more pathetic interest perhaps attaches to the petition of the Herald's College, which complains of the evil practice of free-trade in arms, escutcheons, and hatchments. It would appear from the endorsement that the complaint was not overlooked, though the day had not yet come for the summoning of the Protector's House of Lords. Republican and Puritan simplicity was still in fashion, though not every one might think it necessary to carry it to an extreme like Desborough's obsequious correspondent, who writes from Plymouth fort:—

The clothes I bought in London are far plainer than what I formerly wore, which you approved; I bought them with 10*l.* which the Commissioners for Prize Goods gave me for services in discovering stolen goods. I hate powdered hair, and was never in a barber's shop, whilst in London, but my landlord cut my hair. I beg to be restored to your favour.

We may add that the curious in such matters will find on pp. 16 and 17 of this Calendar full information concerning the regulations and fares of London hackney-coachmen, and on pp. 403-405 concerning the system of wine licences which obtained in the year 1655. Alcoholic liquors were a difficult subject of legislation

already under the Protectorate; for in a letter from Plymouth we read that "the abominable strong drink brewed in this town is of more prejudice to the State and to the poor men than the heads of all the brewers and alehouse-keepers here are worth. I have made several complaints of it to the Government here, but they protest they cannot remedy it, as the brewers have grown so rich, they contend with them at law."

In conclusion, attention may be directed to an aspect of the history of the Protectorate which receives some illustration from this volume of the State Papers, but which will no doubt receive more from its successors. The history of the factions at the Court of Charles II., which in some measure hampered, if not paralysed, the action of the Royalists, would form an interesting subject for a monograph. So few writers now show much respect for the memory of Clarendon, that there would be no fear of the inquiry being conducted with partiality as to the service rendered or the harm done to the cause of the Restoration by "Hyde's cabal."

A PALADIN OF FINANCE.*

MR. EDWARD JENKINS has always been given to a French rather than an English style of composition in fiction, in so far as making use of sensational subjects of the hour goes. There is nothing, therefore, surprising in his having taken the recent *krach*, as they are pleased to call and spell it in France, of the Union Générale as a subject. Dealing with that subject, Mr. Jenkins was bound to take his scene and personages from Paris; so that there is nothing surprising in that either. But it is not quite so discoverable why he should have thought it necessary to carry local colour to the point of using the extraordinary English-French which appears on every page of *A Paladin of Finance*. The book indeed since its appearance in English has been "run" in French as a *feuilleton*, and this double end may have influenced the writer's dialect. Mr. Jenkins may be respectfully informed that "a porcelain" is no more English than "a china." Nor, in good English, is "to efface yourself" used for to stand back; nor do we talk of "regarding a man in the white of his eyes." Moreover, when an author is so determinedly Gallic in his English, it might be better if he paid a little more attention to the correction of the press in regard to his French. We do not, indeed, suspect Mr. Jenkins of believing such words as *religieuses*, *escroquerie*, *cusine*, to exist in French; but he has allowed his printer to saddle him with these remarkable orthographies. The whole composition of the book, indeed, is distinguished by a most curious slovenliness. Mr. Jenkins talks of "that impossible person whom an English poet ironically invited to survey the world from China to Peru." We do not see the least impossibility in this in these days of globe-trotting; but that is not the point. Who was the "person," and who was the English poet? There certainly was an English poet who said

Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru.

But "mankind" is not "the world," and we so far agree with Mr. Jenkins as to hold that a person called Mr. Observation is an impossible person. Elsewhere Mr. Jenkins has the extraordinary remark that his heroine's "attitude would have baffled the satyr-like pruriency of the realists." He means, we suppose, the naturalists; but that does not alter the oddity of the expression. This singular phrase is, however, excelled by one in which the same lady, so skilful in puzzling attitudes, is described as "sitting with her eyes fixed in contemplation through the clear glass of the window on the sky which was visible beyond the high roof of the hotel." To see the sky beyond the roof of a building in which you are sitting is difficult unless the hotel was built round a courtyard, in which case Mr. Jenkins should have expressed himself differently. Finally, he describes his Paladin as an "Archimandrite of finance." Archimandrite is a word which some people are very fond of using without the least idea of its meaning. As it has here no conceivable signification, we can only suppose that Mr. Jenkins supposes it to be identical with archimaga.

The story of *A Paladin of Finance* is less remarkable than the style in which it is told. We are introduced to the courtyard of the Grand Hotel, and in it to a certain M. Cosmo. He, it appears shortly, is an Italian financier who has just landed in Paris with a scheme for a vast "Catholic Credit," in founding which he is well backed by testimonials from persons of weight at the Vatican. To him enters a Parisian editor whose journal is at once fashionable and orthodox, and the pair seek the Marquise of Rocheraie, the young, beautiful, devout, and speculative wife of an old and rich man. Mme. de Rocheraie is, or ought to be, guarded by two dragons, an abbé, and an infidel but clearheaded secretary, while an English Roman Catholic agent who has an old grudge against Cosmo is also against the scheme. The major part of the book is occupied in describing how the Italian overcomes these obstacles and successively draws all sorts of persons into his net, if only for a time long enough to make them attract other dupes who do not escape so easily. The scenes in which he carries on his machinations are pictured with some power of description, and with not a little liveliness. Cosmo talks over the Marquise by appealing to her zeal for the faith. He (in plain language) bribes her abbé-secretary and also a very

important personage, a certain Maitre Galuchat (who is the law agent of many wealthy religious corporations), by the promise of shares at par and founders' shares gratis. Similar means allure for a time even some of the very Jew capitalists whom the scheme is designed most to injure. A young exquisite, the Baron Plumm (who divides his time between the manufacture of a special boot blacking with the costliest wines, the wearing of innumerable coats of the most irreproachable cut, and Bourse operations of no small magnitude and artistic merit), is caught by his love for the Marquise. A millionaire of low extraction, "le gros Dinandier," whose name is a tower of strength, is inveigled by the influence of Plumm, who gets him into the hitherto impregnable Jockey Club. A Hungarian prince, who has nothing but a name of great splendour, is secured by the offer of Dinandier's daughter's hand. So the adroit Cosmo makes every supporter bring in somebody else, and the Company starts with a most imposing array of names. Nor is it devoid of apparently solid resources. It has concessions in Roumania, branch financial establishments in Spain, mines in the Adriatic districts. The shares rise enormously, and of course the big fishes all take care to get out of the net—all but the Marquis de Rocheraie, who in good faith and disdaining to *faire Charlemagne*, holds on. The rest who knows not? It is necessary to say that Mr. Jenkins has made his termination rather more sanguinary than either history justifies or art requires.

It is only fair to Mr. Jenkins to say that the story as a story is not at all badly told. It is short, which is in its favour; there is next to no love-making, which is by no means the author's forte; the scenes succeed each other smartly and without tedious intervals; and the various characters, if somewhat conventional, are fairly well drawn, tolerably grouped, and not unhappily contrasted. Cosmo's development of his great idea to the Marquise, his sketch of the power of the Jews, its source, the sluggishness of the Church, notwithstanding its wealth, and so forth, is really very cleverly done, and would make a good leading article of the Continental kind. The assembly of subordinate projectors—Dumaresque, the editor, Darvell, the opposition Englishman, Antoine de la Houpe, the Radical and freethinking secretary, who has established himself in the very legitimate and orthodox household of the Rocheraies, the slippery Abbé Taille-Mèche, and lastly the cosmopolitan go-between Tcheck, who passes his life in doing business on the double commission principle, are all well drawn. The way in which Antoine de la Houpe, the Radical secretary, is "got at" and induced to abandon his opposition to the scheme is sufficiently ingenious, though doubtfully probable. In the various interviews Mr. Jenkins has shown good sense by not making his characters exhibit the superhuman cleverness by which some novelists defeat their own attempts at probability. The encounter between Cosmo and the wily notary Galuchat is well managed particularly in this respect; the scene of the blacking, where Baron Plumm gives instructions in the use of that precious elixir to two exquisites only less exquisite than himself, is, though a little exaggerated, amusing enough. The episode of Cecile Dinandier, who is blind and interesting, her father being the most offensive of all possible *nouveaux riches*, has not very much to do with the book and is a little out of keeping with it, but it supplies some more of the contrasts upon which Mr. Jenkins seems chiefly to rely as engines for producing amusing narrative. Finally, what Mr. Jenkins calls "the episode of Zabdi" is well told, and, as most people probably know, could be paralleled from actual history without much difficulty. Zabdi is a defaulting Russian Jew. He goes to a certain Minister in Eastern Europe and offers a million and half of francs per annum in lease for a state domain. The Minister will not hear of it. Zabdi goes away and pulls the wires. Things are made unpleasant for the Minister in the Chamber, the matter is privately arranged, Zabdi gets the concession for fifteen millions and sells it to Cosmo for twenty-two. Then the Catholic Credit, having got this concession, "plunges" for others in the same neighbourhood, gets them, and has its shares run up in proportion.

All this is very well—if only Mr. Jenkins had taken the trouble to write his book in decent English. But who is to read a novel containing passages like this, to give a longer specimen:—

This rotund dame, clad in a dark maroon satin, which sets off, or, at least, displays with cynical candour, a figure everywhere too pronounced, who is talking with a tall, thin parchment-skinned, grey-haired, aristocratic but faded-looking gentleman, wearing light kids and patent-leather boots with uppers of a light drab cloth, is Spanish. You can see it in the action of her small, dumpy, ungloved, much-bejewelled hands, the finger nails of which appear to have gone into mourning for a defunct nail brush; you can detect it in the coal-black eyes and eyebrows, and the hair strong, glossy, massively built up in braids on her well-shaped head; in the red-lipped mouth and its small, regular, dazzling teeth, which only now and then peer out through the painted portals; in her bonnet, the handsome lace of which is dirty enough to win the admiration of the most ardent *connoisseur*, and in her bright tawny kid *botines*. But, speaking of teeth, very differently do those tall, strong, blooming girls, who are freely laughing and talking with an equally blooming old gentleman, in a grey tweed suit, and strong walking-boots that look as if they had trotted in the dust of the boulevards for several hours—very differently do they air their mouthfuls of ivory, large, shiny, perhaps too prominent, but taken with the fine, clear, frank but pure expression of the blue eyes, and fair complexion, not without a charm of their own.

How much Mr. Jenkins may be able to "see" and to "detect" in the colour of a lady's boots and the fit of her dress it is impossible to say. But we wish that he had "seen" the simple nastiness of the words italicized, and that he had "detected" the vulgarity of talking about "uppers" and "mouthfuls of ivory." We

* *A Paladin of Finance*. By Edward Jenkins. London: Trübner & Co. 1882.

have already noted not a few of his verbal eccentricities, and there would be no difficulty in noting plenty more. Now it is "the coronation of her ears" (what, in the name of wonder, is the coronation of an ear?); now we are told that "the girl was a sublimation in body and spirit from the common dress of a vulgarian race." Unhappy English language! What sort of a race is it, we wonder, that puts it to a torture like this? Count Méliot, a "fine, clever young aristocrat," is, after several other bestial comparisons, said to be "as eclectic in plunder as a jackal or a wolf." Here no conceivable meaning of "fine" known to English, or even Scotch, will serve; and it is equally difficult to attach any recognized signification to "eclectic." Does Mr. Jenkins *par hasard* think that "eclectic" and "catholic" are the same thing? These questions, as well as many others, force themselves on the luckless reader, and prevent him, if he has the least respect for his mother tongue, from reading Mr. Jenkins without many gnashings of teeth. If he is not troubled with that respect, he may probably get on well enough with this *Paladin of Finance*. It has merits, as has indeed been pointed out sufficiently. We do not greatly care for what a Frenchman has called, in French nearly as pure as Mr. Jenkins's English, "le reportage dans le roman." But, if it must be done, it should be done with some sprightliness, and at no great length. Mr. Jenkins has complied with these conditions; and, if he had been more certain of the language in which he intended to write, and more observant of its requirements when he had made up his mind, there would have been no need to find any great fault with him.

ANTS, BEES, AND WASPS.*

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has achieved such a widespread notoriety as the author of that scheme of compulsory recreation known as the Bank Holiday Act that we are apt to forget his distinction in more than one scientific field. His *Prehistoric Times* is an ingenious and original application of the comparative method to explain the scattered and often fragmentary remains indicative of human agency which, when it was first published, were beginning to be discovered in the Drift; and his numerous works on insects show his capacity as a systematic zoologist. But we are glad to say that he has now shown himself to be, what is so rare in these days, an accomplished naturalist. He does not value an organism merely as a species, to be determined, described, labelled, catalogued, and then put away in the drawer of a cabinet for study as a dried specimen; he is not satisfied until he has discovered, by minute and laborious observations, the entire life-history of the creatures he is at work upon—their manners, customs, instincts; their relations to other insects, their mode of obtaining their food; their influence upon plants and flowers; and especially, as he tells us in his preface, "their mental condition and powers of sense." In the volume before us this method has been applied to our old acquaintances the ant, the bee, and the wasp, with whose habits we probably thought we were tolerably familiar; but we feel sure that most readers will find the results arrived at as novel as they unquestionably are interesting. The author's own observations, which have been made at various intervals during the past ten years, and published in the form of papers and lectures, are skillfully interwoven with those of his predecessors and contemporaries so as to form a delightful volume, for which we venture to predict an enduring popularity. The style is excellent; and great judgment has been shown in the arrangement of the materials. There is a minuteness of detail which will satisfy the scientific, without being so technical as to repel the general reader. Those who wish to go more deeply into the subject will find the more complicated experiments narrated at length in the Appendix; and also a copious list of authorities. This does not pretend to be exhaustive; but it may be safely concluded that it records the titles of all the more important works. We could wish that in some cases the titles had been given more fully; but this defect, with not a few clerical errors, can easily be corrected in a future edition. There are five coloured plates, on which the principal species of ants and some other insects mentioned in the text are figured; and numerous woodcuts. The number of the illustrations was probably limited by the fact that the work forms one of the "International Scientific Series." We do not therefore venture to plead for an extended number; but we do suggest a diagram or two to illustrate the description of an ant's body in Chapter I. The cost would not be great, and the value of the information would be more than doubled. Of the eleven chapters into which the book is divided, nine are devoted to ants, which the author selected for observation in preference to bees, as being "more convenient for experimental purposes," and also as having "more power and flexibility of mind." We propose to follow his example, and to confine our remarks almost entirely to the portion relating to ants.

Sir John Lubbock has invented an ingenious plan for keeping ants' nests between pieces of glass; and by this contrivance he has had from thirty to forty species under observation for several years. No two species are identical in their habits; and therefore as extended a study as possible was necessary to understand the whole group. Ants in captivity are of course to a certain degree

under abnormal conditions; but still it was possible to confirm the observations of previous naturalists, and also to correct some misconceptions. Among these we must notice that of the supposed brief duration of life of the ant. It has usually been stated that males die almost immediately. This was found to be true generally, but not universally, while the queens and the workers live for a much longer time. Two queens which had come into the author's possession in 1874 were alive in 1881. An ant's nest, like a beehive, usually contains three kinds of individuals—(1) queens, of which there are often several; (2) males; (3) workers, or imperfect females. Some species, however, possess a second form of workers, which is supposed to act as soldiers; and the Sauba ant of South America, described by Mr. Bates, has, besides the ordinary workers, two forms of large workers, the one with large hairy heads, the other with large smooth heads. Their use has not as yet been satisfactorily determined. The mode of production of these "workers" is still obscure. Among conflicting theories, that propounded by Mr. Westwood, "that the inhabitants of the nest have the instinct so to modify the circumstances producing this state of imperfection that some neuters shall exhibit characters at variance with those of the common kind," finds most favour with our author. He admits that it "credits them with a very remarkable instinct," but he sees "no more probable mode of accounting for the facts." But the most curious point in the domestic economy of ants is undoubtedly their habit of keeping slaves. This was first noticed by Huber in 1804, who accidentally witnessed a slave-hunting expedition near Geneva conducted by a colony of Rufescent ants. Ants have been held up as an example to man from the days of Solomon downwards; and it is amusing to reflect on the additional use which moralists might have made of them had they been aware that the "peculiar institution" existed among them. For it must be admitted that the crime carries the punishment with it. We are told (p. 82) that

Polyergus rufescens presents a striking lesson of the degrading tendency of slavery, for these ants have become entirely dependent on their slaves. Even their bodily structure has undergone a change; the mandibles have lost their teeth, and have become mere nippers, deadly weapons indeed, but useless except in war. They have lost the greater part of their instincts; their art, that is, the power of building; their domestic habits, for they show no care for their own young, all this being done by the slaves; their industry, for they take no part in providing the daily supplies; if the colony changes the situation of its nest, the masters are all carried by the slaves on their backs to the new one; nay, they have even lost the habit of feeding. Huber placed thirty of them with some larvae and pupæ and a supply of honey in a box. "At first," he says, "they appeared to pay some little attention to the larvae; they carried them here and there, but presently replaced them. More than one-half of the Amazons died of hunger in less than two days. They had not even traced out a dwelling; and the few ants still in existence were languid and without strength. I commiserated their condition, and gave them one of their black companions. This individual, unassisted, established order, formed a chamber in the earth, gathered together the larvae, extricated several young ants that were ready to quit the condition of pupæ, and preserved the life of the remaining Amazons." This observation has been fully confirmed by other naturalists. However small the prison, however large the quantity of food, these stupid creatures will starve in the midst of plenty rather than feed themselves. . . . I have, however, kept isolated specimens for three months by giving them a slave for an hour or two a day to clean and feed them; under these circumstances they remained in perfect health, while, but for the slaves, they would have perished in two or three days.

Several curious modifications of the slave-making instinct in other species and its consequences are related, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself, just mentioning by the way that the lowest degradation seems to have been attained by certain ants well termed *Anergates*, which are found invariably united with workers which they are evidently too weak to subjugate. The author regards this curious form as "the miserable representatives of far superior ancestors, maintaining a precarious existence as contemptible parasites of their former slaves." Other habits, though less extraordinary, are equally noteworthy. The Honey ant of South America (*Myrmecocystus mexicanus*) keeps certain individuals of its own species as animated honey-pots. The abdomen becomes enormously distended, and is tapped as required. Several British species utilize different species of *Aphis*, which they keep as we keep cows, tending them carefully, building sheds of earth over them, and even protecting their eggs. Again, various insects, principally beetles, habitually reside in association with ants. The object of this association is still to be explained. Some of these domesticated insects are thought to act as scavengers; others to be retained simply as pets, or because they are in some way, at present unknown, agreeable to their hosts. The whole question, however, is an obscure one, and requires further observation. The results of our present knowledge on the relation of ants to other animals are thus summed up (p. 91):—

We find in the different species of ants different conditions of life, curiously answering to the earlier stages of human progress. For instance, some species, such as *Formica fusca*, live principally on the produce of the chase; for though they feed partly on the honey-dew of *Aphides*, they have not domesticated these insects. These ants probably retain the habits once common to all ants. They resemble the lower races of men, who subsist mainly by hunting. Like them, they frequent woods and wilds, live in comparatively small communities, and the instincts of collective action are but slightly developed among them. They hunt singly, and their battles are single combats, like those of the Homeric heroes. Such species as *Lasius flavus* represent a distinctly higher type of social life; they show more skill in architecture, may literally be said to have domesticated certain species of *Aphides*, and may be compared to the pastoral stage of human progress—to the races which live on the produce of their flocks and herds. Their communities are more numerous; they act much more in concert; their battles are not mere single combats, but they know how to act in combination. I am disposed to hazard the con-

* *Ants, Bees, and Wasps: a Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera.* By Sir John Lubbock, Bart, M.P. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1882.

jecture that they will gradually exterminate the mere hunting species, just as savages disappear before more advanced races. Lastly, the agricultural nations may be compared with the harvesting ants.

Thus there seems to be three principal types, offering a curious analogy to the three great phases—the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural stages—in the history of human development.

The relation of ants to plants, again, supplies a very interesting chapter. It is shown that while they do not exercise the same influence in the way of fertilization that flying insects do, they are useful in various other ways. Of these the chief is the destruction of insects. It has been observed that twenty-eight dead insects were brought per minute into one large nest, whence it was calculated that as many as a hundred thousand were destroyed in each day by that particular community. We are afraid that we must admit that ants are most persevering in their destruction of fruit, being attracted to it by their love for sweet juices, and some species do much damage by stripping the leaves from certain trees. On this subject a wonderful story comes to us from Nicaragua. A certain ant is in the habit of ascending a particular tree and cutting out small circles from the leaves. These fall to the ground, whence they are carried to the nest. The leaves are laid down in piles on the outside of the nest, so as to form a bed for a particular species of mushroom of which the ants are particularly fond. This practice, the prevalence of which seems to be placed beyond all doubt by numerous observers, for we have heard of it from others besides those quoted by Sir John Lubbock, goes far to prove that ants possess those reasoning powers which their latest friend and observer is anxious to claim for them. The chapters on the senses of ants, on their power of recognizing friends and relations, and on the means by which they communicate with one another, will be read with great interest. We can only give the briefest possible summary of the results arrived at by numerous careful experiments. It was found that they possess sight, hearing, smell, and "something approaching to language"; and that, in their treatment of each other, hatred is unquestionably stronger than affection. While they eagerly expel and often murder a stranger, merely because he is a stranger, they frequently fail to help their friends in sickness or peril. On the other hand, the utmost harmony reigns in communities which contain as many as 500,000 individuals, a fact which implies that all the ants must have the power of recognizing each other. This is very surprising, but not so surprising as what Sir John Lubbock appears to have proved—viz., that ants of a given species not only recognize adult individuals of the same species whom they can never have seen before, but even the young when they have been brought out of the chrysalis by strangers. We conclude with the following quotation:—

It is impossible not to ask ourselves how far are ants mere exquisite automatons, how far are they conscious beings? When we see an ant-hill tenanted by thousands of industrious inhabitants excavating chambers, forming tunnels, making roads, guarding their home, gathering food, feeding the young, tending their domestic animals—each one fulfilling its duties industriously and without confusion—it is difficult altogether to deny to them the gift of reason; and the preceding observations tend to confirm the opinion that their mental powers differ from those of men not so much in kind as in degree.

MONUMENTA FRANCISCANA.*

THE contents of this volume, apart from the Preface—to which we shall have occasion to return—Glossary and Index, consist of the following documents bearing on the history of the Franciscan Order in England. First we have a fragment of Thomas Eccleston's treatise *De Adventu Minorum in Angliam*, from a MS. which Mr. Howlett suggests probable reasons for identifying with the missing portion of the Cottonian MS., though it may be a fragment of a third copy. Then come various official documents relating to a dispute between the Franciscans and the Monks of Westminster, the originals of which, chiefly in the handwriting of the Papal notaries, are preserved in the muniment room of the Abbey. The next paper is an early English translation of the Rule of St. Francis from a fifteenth century MS. in the Cottonian Library, which is followed by an *Abbreviatio Statutorum* of the Observant (or Reformed) Franciscans, in Latin, from an Irish MS. preserved in the Bodleian Library, dated 1482, and an obituary record or *Necrologium* of the Observant Friars of Aberdeen, from a copy—full of strange mistakes—made early in the sixteenth century from an older conventual record, now kept in the University Library of Aberdeen; it extends from the foundation of the Convent in 1450 to its final dissolution in 1560. There is, we may add, an express direction in the Observant Rule that such a "liber defunctorum fratrum seu benefactorum specialium" shall be kept and read in every convent of the Order. The last insertion, which occupies nearly half the volume, and will perhaps to ordinary readers appear the most interesting portion of it, is a Chronicle from the Register of the Grey Friars of London, in English, extending from 1189 to 1556; it had already been printed for the Camden Society, but with some

omissions. A few illustrations of its character shall be given presently. Mr. Howlett says of it:—

From the reign of Henry V. the recorded facts are more numerous, yet still almost entirely political, but early in the reign of Henry VII. the character of the record changes again, and much more notice is taken of ecclesiastical events. Lastly, early in Henry the Eighth's reign, the appearance of the manuscript begins to tell of a hand making from time to time entries of events witnessed or learned about, and ecclesiastical matters are always preferred to political. The tone of the ink changes frequently, so also does the pen; blank spaces are left for christian names and precise dates, some of which are ascertained and inserted with visibly different ink, while other spaces are still vacant; corrections are more frequent; passages are added in the margin, and, finally, a somewhat cautious tone prevails during times of danger.

It is probable that the friar who transcribed it, for it is all in the handwriting of one man, derived it so far as the end of Henry the Seventh's reign from a chronicle kept in another convent. The grotesque mistakes in the earlier years, the obvious misreadings of words and names, and the confusion in the list of city officers, all tell of a scarcely legible original. The MS. is on paper and is very badly written.

There is an appendix, with a miscellaneous collection of legal and other documents concerning various Franciscan monasteries in England.

In a preface on "the era embraced in the work"—from the foundation of the Order in 1215 to the English Reformation—the editor offers an extremely careful and discriminating commentary on its history and influence in this country. Referring to the familiar tale of Innocent III.'s hesitation, when Francis first presented himself at the Lateran to seek papal sanction for his scheme, and the dream which removed it, he thinks the Pope "did well to hesitate, and would perhaps have done better to refuse" even the verbal and provisional approval which was all he at that time consented to accord. The secular and regular clergy of the older Orders had managed to discover a *modus vivendi*, though there was not too much love between them, but "the friar destroyed the possibility of that natural balance which years would assuredly have brought about, and thus, in the great result, lost to the papacy a kingdom destined to be of primary importance in Europe." There is a good deal to be said for such a view, but on the other hand it cannot be denied that the Franciscan institute supplied at the time a crying want in the machinery of the Church, and on the whole supplied it well; "it was nothing less than the attraction of a truer holiness that caused the phenomenal growth of the Order." The people were crying for bread, and there was none to give it them. There was a popular outcry against feudal oppression of the poor, against a wealthy and luxurious hierarchy, who were thought to care little for the souls of men, and strange forms of heresy old and new were rife throughout Europe, which needed some better refutation than fire and faggot could supply. There was need of a popular ministry to meet the requirements of popular devotion, and popular teaching to combat the advance of popular error. The man who came forward to supply the need by the institution of the Franciscan Order "must have had," as Sir J. Stephen observes, "some of the higher moral instincts of a legislator." But there is also another side to the picture. From the moment of their first arrival in England in 1224 the Franciscans were subjected to bitter attacks, and the report given by Matthew Paris of their quarrel with the monks of Bury St. Edmunds, as well as their later dispute with the Monks of Westminster, in which they gained "a Pyrrhic victory," show that the blame does not rest wholly with their accusers. But their chief feud of course was with the parish priests, whom they largely superseded both in the pulpit and the confessional, with the aid of repeated papal authorizations, and that as well by virtue of their closer organization as of their higher repute for spirituality of life, many of the *parochi* having lost the respect of their flocks by private marriages contracted in defiance of the canon law, or concubinage, and the simony which in spite of the partial reform of Hildebrand was still very rife among them. The Franciscans were also viewed with natural disfavour by the bishops from whose jurisdiction they were exempted by their immediate dependence on the Pope. Certain relaxations of the original Rule sanctioned by Nicholas IV. and Clement V. led by way of reaction to an internal reform which gradually divided the Observants—whose Statutes are contained in this volume—from the Conventual Franciscans, but both remained under the same high officers of the Order till the Council of Constance in 1415 granted the Observants a Vicar-general of their own. Some notion of the abuses it was desired to correct may be inferred from an examination of these Statutes. The very first chapter begins by forbidding the admission of any novice under the age of sixteen—a somewhat inadequate concession to the reiterated complaints of the University of Oxford of the abduction of young students, which deterred parents from sending their children to the University. Another rule requires every Franciscan to take a companion on his journeys, who is bound to report secretly to the guardian any "notable excesses" of which he has been guilty. Apostates, i.e. those who leave the Order without permission, are to be flogged in the presence of their brethren during the recitation of the *Miserere* Psalm and certain prayers, and the provincial vicar has the power of imprisoning them. There is a curious provision that at the election of a vicar-general the electors are to be locked up and allowed no food till they have come to a decision. Mr. Howlett rightly insists on the services of the Franciscan Order to the cause of learning, of which such names as Ockham, Duns Scotus, and Alexander of Hales, among English members, afford sufficient testimony, and he adds

* *Monumenta Franciscana*. Vol. II. Being a further Collection of Original Documents respecting the Franciscan Order in England. Edited by Richard Howlett, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Longman & Co., and Trübner & Co. Oxford: Parker & Co. Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, and Douglas & Foulis. Dublin: A. Thom. 1882.

that "the many branches of physical science first developed by the Franciscans are a gift so truly magnificent as to command the respect of all." His general estimate of the work and character of the Order, which is summed up in the following passage, is favourable rather than the reverse:—

We have traced some faults, and must trace still more; of isolated crimes a few, of the ordinary sins of human nature and the debasing of high purposes not a little. We have seen the channels by which meaner motives found their outlet, but here and there we are encountered by a salient fact which shows, that whatever were the sins of the few, whatever the jarrings with external systems, a high and holy purpose was kept alive in the Order at a time when its enemies would ask us to believe it to have been utterly vicious.

It is not disputed that in the awful visitations of the Black Death in the fourteenth century, the Franciscan Friars in different parts of Europe perished literally by thousands through their devoted attentions to the sick and dying. Here there is no room for cruel detraction. If the friar's presence as physician both of soul and body influenced the testament which he alone had the courage to prepare at the bedside, the unprejudiced will consider it probable that the brave man scarcely dreamed of avoiding a sudden summons to follow the patient whose last moments he had befriended. When the motive was so singly a wish to strengthen his Order for future good works it is an unworthy quibble to accuse the Franciscan of a breach of his vow of poverty. To visit the sick and afflicted has for nineteen centuries at least been the correlative to keeping a life unspotted from the world, and why the argument from good works to virtue should fail in its application to the great body of the Franciscan Order it is indeed hard to see. They visited the sick and preached the gospel to rich and poor, they were physicians and theologians, and profound in the scientific learning of their day, and it would be surprising if individuals from an Order intellectually so pre-eminent were not frequently called aside to assist in the work of the world.

That the first blow should have fallen on the Franciscan Order in England when the crash came was not due simply to the strenuous opposition they offered to the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon, but rather to a more fundamental antagonism of which that was but the outward sign. For three centuries before the Reformation the Franciscans had been to the Church very much what the Jesuits have been for three centuries since, "the chosen soldiers of the Pope." They were the first to fall, because they were, and were felt to be, the leading representatives of Papal supremacy in England.

We have referred already to the Chronicle of the Grey Friars of London, reprinted in this volume, and have seen that Mr. Howlett speaks of its becoming much fuller from the reign of Henry V., though still dealing mainly with political events, while from the reign of Henry VII. it takes a great deal more notice of ecclesiastical matters, which were indeed then beginning to assume a new and ominous prominence; and this of course applies especially to the reigns of Henry VIII. and his successors, for the Chronicle comes down to the third year of Mary. There is, however, from first to last very little of comment or expression of individual opinion on the grave changes that were taking place, the gravity of which the monkish chronicler may have failed at all adequately to appreciate. Events civil and ecclesiastical, including such as to us would appear of the most startling significance, are recorded *seriatim* in a dry, matter-of-fact sort of way, without evoking any perceptible manifestation of feeling, as e.g. that "the same yere [1535], the iii. day of Maii was Holy-rode day, and thenne was drunne from the Tower vn-to Tyborne the iii. priors of the Charterhowes, and there hongyd, heddyd, and quartered; and one of the quarters of the priors harmes was sett vp at the gatte in-to Aldersgate stret." Even the execution of "the mayd of Kent, with the monkes, freires [*i.e.* Franciscans] and the parsons of Aldermay," and the burial of the friars and the "holy mayde," who had been specially taken up by the Order, at his own church of Grey Friars, provokes no syllable of comment from the chronicler. Some passages of a rather later date may have an interest from their indirect bearing on controversies of our own day. It will be remembered that the First Prayer-Book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of Parliament on Whit Sunday, 1549. It excludes all reference to the festival of Corpus Christi, occurring in the Latin Missals on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday. The following entries, however, refer to that year:—

Item the xxⁱ day of June, the wyche was Corpus Christi day, and as that day in dyuers places in London was kepte holy day, and manny kepte none, but dyd worke opynly, and in some churches seruys and some none, seche was the deuytyoun.

Item in this yere moche pepulle of the comyns dyd ryse in dyuers places in the realme, and pulled downe parkes and groundes that was inclosyd of dyuers lordes and gentylmen within the realme from the powre men.

Item the xxvii. day of June there was sent a commandement from the counceile vn-to Powles that they shulde haue no more the Apostylla masse in the mornyng, nor our Ladye masse, nor no commynyoun at no awlletle in the church but at the hye awlter.

Item the xxi. day of the same monythe, the wyche was Sunday, the byshoppe of Caunterbury came sodenly to Powles, and there shoyd and made a narracyoun of thows that dyd ryse in dyuers places within the realme, and what rebellions they ware, and wolde take a-ponne them to reforme thynges be-for the lawe, and to take the kynges powre in honde. And soo was there at processoun, and dyd the offes hym selfe in a cope, and no vestment, nor mytter, nor crosse, but a crosse staffe; and soo dyd alle the offes, and hys satten cappe on hys hede alle the tyme of the offes; and soo gaue the commynyoun hym selfe vn-to viii. persons of the sayd church.

There was a similar diversity of practice the next year (1550) about the observance of the festival of the Assumption, which is also suppressed in Edward's First Book:—

And the Assumpcion of our La[dy] was soche devisioun thorow alle London that some kepte holy day and some none. Almyghty God helpe it

whanne hys wylle ys! for this was the ii^d yere, and also the same devisioun was at the fest of the Natuite of our Lady.

In 1552 it was found necessary to issue a special prohibition of the observance of St. George's Day:—

Item also, wher as it hathe bene of ane olde costome that sente Gorge shulde be kepte holy day thorow alle Ynglond, the byshoppe of London commandyd that it shulde not be kepte, and nomor it was not.

And we read of All Saints' Day that same year:—

Item after Allhollouday was nomor commanyoun in no place but on the Sondays.

The Second Prayer Book was ordered to be introduced on that day, but during the short remnant of Edward's reign it never came into general use in the country; so far as we have observed, there is no reference to either of them in the Chronicle. There is, however, a statement about the new Articles, then forty-two in number, to the following effect:—

Item the xxvi. days of Maii begganne the byshope of Cantorbe to sytt for the new boke that the byshope of Wenchester, Powny, made, that he wolde haue that alle parsons and curattes shulde sett their hondes vn-to it, and so cuery byshope in hys dyesses. And in London was dyuers that denyed many of the artycles, as doctor Weston, with dyuers other, as it shalle shoo after.

We read of course in the next reign how "the awlter in Powles was set vp a-gayne and fenysyd," and how "the byshoppe of London, Boner, sange masse in Powles, and gave holy watter hym-selfe, and so continuyd," with other kindred records of the reversal of Edward's ecclesiastical régime, as also later on how Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer "was condempnyd as erytykes" and subsequently "burnyd for gret heray." The last entry, in September 1556, is of a similar kind:—

Item the vth day of September was browte thorow Cheppesye teyd in ropes xxiiith tayd to-getheres as herrytykes, and so vn-to the Lowlers tower.

Why the Chronicle is not continued to the end of Mary's reign is not explained, but little material interest attaches, as Mr. Howlett points out, to this shortlived revival of the Order, which was again and finally suppressed early in the reign of Elizabeth. How crucial an importance he himself attaches to its introduction into England, as serving to bring about the changes of the sixteenth century, may be gathered from the following passage; yet surely other powerful influences were at work contributing by different methods to the same result. There can be no doubt, however, that, if the action of the Franciscans had a prominent part in bringing about the breach, the conduct of the Jesuits, who succeeded them as papal pretorians among the clergy, was mainly instrumental in keeping open and widening it afterwards:—

Had the Church been true to herself at one crucial point the whole of English history would have been altered. Had Anselm acted as Lanfranc's example would have taught him, the name of papal supremacy would have been but a rumour to English ears. It would have been impossible for the monks to obtain that freedom from wholesome control which permitted them to work out their own ruin. In place of foreign priests thrust into English livings for the mere sake of plunder, and of abbots absorbing the greater tithes, we should have had a married clergy distributed over the land, with suitable endowments enabling them to fulfil their duties to the poor. Lastly, if in a country covered thus with a network of well administered parishes, and studded with monasteries acting as centres of learning and incentives to a higher life, there had proved to be any room for a missionary order, the Franciscans would have found their energies directed by the bishops and all occasions for strife and jealousies removed. But in the order of Divine Providence it was not so to be, and the Franciscan with his high aims and noble works, sometimes failing, but as often gathering strength again, was destined to become a permanent disturbing influence, an independent irresponsible power acting and reacting for three long centuries on other powers scarcely more controllable. Historically fitting in every way, therefore, it seems that the torch which lighted the final conflagration should have been actually applied by the hand of a follower of St. Francis.

FORTUNE'S MARRIAGE.*

IN *Fortune's Marriage* Miss Craik has given to the world another of her studies of marital infelicity and its remedy. Her process is almost too mechanical, for by long practice she has discovered how to dispose of her material in a thoroughly business-like manner. During her first volume the unfortunate match is forced into existence; during the second the skein of life is unravelled to the fullest confusion; during the third all is forgiven and forgotten. In her last novel, *Sydney*, a wife was slowly reconciled to a husband to whom she had a violent antipathy; in *Fortune's Marriage* the reverse of the medal is shown, and a very cold and unfeeling husband is warmed at last into affection. There is considerable tact and ingenuity in Miss Craik's presentment; she has several of the arts of the successful writer of comedy; her stage is never overcrowded, and her few figures are always moved about with propriety. Yet her chance of producing a really great or lasting work of fiction becomes less and less; her style is so plain as to have become threadbare, and her acuteness, which is considerable, never reaches profundity, and never is the result of deep study of the human heart. She is a mediocre writer, and mediocre, we are beginning to be afraid, she will continue until the end. Her dialogue is exceedingly glib, natural, and well-sustained; we see at once that we have a practised novelist to deal

* *Fortune's Marriage*. By Georgiana M. Craik. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

with, and not a beginner, for the novice prefers to describe, and is very timid about making his puppets talk. Yet even in her conversations Miss Craik exposes the limits of her originality. She has none of the art with which Balzac selects the one fragment of a conversation which is really to the point, or the tact with which Mr. James or Mr. Howells condenses a mass of idle talk into a cluster of epigrams. Miss Craik insists on telling us all that the people said on different occasions when they repeated themselves, so that at last we are as weary as we should be of very tiresome talkers who chattered on to us in real life. It is the art of the novelist to introduce us to boring people, and yet to prevent us from being ourselves bored for an instant.

The present story opens in the midst of a dialogue between Mr. Ronald Glyn and his sister Ursula, in which the former refuses to be charmed by the description the latter gives of a family of the name of Denbigh which has settled near to the Glyns at Seven-oaks. Mr. Ronald Glyn, who reminds us excessively of Mr. Dombey as he must have appeared in early life, is thirty years of age, a lawyer of mysterious capacities, and slightly bald at the very top of his head. Throughout the volume it is odd that Miss Craik never notices that Ronald Glyn has no sense of humour whatever; possibly Miss Craik herself has none; at all events, the slightest touch of frailty would make the hero of the book what at present he is not, tolerable. Ursula Glyn is twenty-eight; she is a feminine creature, full of unwise impulse, but a real character, for whom the reader contrives to feel a certain interest. The Denbighs, whom Ronald Glyn is not inclined to admire, consist of a very mild and wealthy papa and mamma, and of an only child, a daughter called Fortune, who is only two or three and twenty when the story opens. Ronald has lived much alone in chambers, and has besides been away for a tour on the Continent, while an ardent friendship has sprung up between Fortune and his sister. Ursula Glyn, who has always lamented her brother's indifference to the fair sex, is consumed with a desire to make a match between him and the pretty little heiress. At first nothing could seem to be more unpropitious than their mutual impressions. They quarrel the first time they meet, and he is not particularly pleased with her manners or her mind. But Ursula labours away at her task of match-making, and by a brazen repetition of what each says of the other, gradually forces them to take some interest in one another. The end of it is that poor Fortune, who has a very warm and gentle heart, and sees, apparently, no eligible young men of any kind, begins to fall in love with this leaden image, this cold and egoistical Ronald, who has no sense of humour. He, on his part, is encouraged by his self-esteem to see merit in this young female person who is alleged to have so great an admiration for him; his parents and her parents alike desire the union, and so, the course of this false love ever running too smoothly for safety, he begins to imagine himself somewhat attached to her. The scene in which he proposes to her is cleverly worked out. They had been skating, and as in the heat of physical high spirits he had flirted a little too plainly with Fortune on the previous day, he has been specially reserved and distant with her this morning, lest she should imagine him in love with her. But she supposes that in some way she has offended him, and when they are about to part she cannot conceal from him that she is crying:—

"My darling!" he said.

The two words slipped from him before he was aware they were coming, but they glided off his lips as if they were the two most natural words to say in all the world. And no sooner, indeed, has he uttered them once than the desire to repeat them became so overwhelming that "My darling!" he murmured a second time, when about some ten seconds had passed; and then, having committed himself fully and past recall, his heart gave a great bound in his bosom, and his tongue, with a sort of exquisite terror, seemed almost to cling to the roof of his mouth.

And as for Fortune, meanwhile, she was so much confounded, probably, that she never uttered another sound.

Ronald Glyn contrives to "batter" himself, as Burns used to say, into a considerable show of affection, although their incompatibility of temper makes itself seen, even by outsiders, before the close of the engagement. When they emerge after the honeymoon things have become still worse. They bicker almost upon every topic; neither of them is able, in the least, to be reasonable, and hardly any matter comes before them without their insisting on making it matter for angry discussion. In attempting to fill a whole volume with the development of such an estrangement as this, Miss Craik has gone, in our opinion, not beyond the limits of the novelist's province, but decidedly beyond those of her own power. The narrative is painful, and even irritating; for she has not enlivened the wretched chronicle of misery by any side-lights, or relieved it with humour, or incident, or observation. We are merely invited to notice how these two people quarrel about trifles six days out of seven, and we listen to the disagreeable things they say to annoy one another.

It is a commonplace to find fault with the men in ladies' novels, but Ronald Glyn abuses the right to be wooden. We feel like the "Chicken," and long to double him up with one below the waistcoat. If such men exist, and we do not deny that they do, they should not be presented to us as normal gentlemen of exquisite manners, great intelligence, and a general look of distinction which their stern, pallid profile emphasizes. Ronald Glyn could never have belonged to a club; he could never have passed through a public school; he is a cold, tiresome prig, without a single redeeming feature, and Miss Craik has weakened the evolution of her problem by making one of her incompatibles

such a monster. The young wife is a much more intelligent and interesting study. Fortune Denbigh is shallow, but very sweet underneath her superficial frivolity; her main fault is impulsiveness, her main weakness ignorance. There is some subtlety in the way in which the authoress describes the errors of the young wife, who, very soon divining that she is not loved as she should be, throws herself at the head of her husband with an ebullient devotion that frightens him, and estranges him more and more. Miss Craik is not happy in her introduction of accidental figures into her pages, and she misses an opportunity for a very effective scene, when she makes Fortune obliged to ask some doubtful military acquaintances into her drawing-room, and to entertain them through a rainy hour. Miss Craik has not dared to bring the wooden Ronald back in the midst of this embarrassing act of hospitality, and has therefore missed a crisis which would have agreeably diversified the tedium of the second volume. The actual dénouement is brought about by means unworthy of a novelist of Miss Craik's pretensions. The darling only child, who suddenly dies of infantile convulsions on the one day when his flippant little mamma has gone off to dine with some worldly friends at the "Star and Garter" is a *deus ex machina* with whom we have met much too often in ladies' novels. He used to draw the alienated hearts together, and it was bending o'er the cradle of the helpless little one that Edwin's curls mingled with the ringlets of Angelina, and the erring pair determined that bygones should be bygones. But we have changed all that, and now the regular vocation of the firstborn is to precipitate the long-expected crisis, and to drive one parent into oaths and the other into hysterics. When Fortune comes back from that rather extraordinary little military dinner party at Richmond, and finds that her boy is dead, Ronald Glyn becomes more like Mr. Dombey than ever, and locking himself into his study, refuses to see his wife or to speak to her. Miss Craik has thus reached her nadir of wretchedness, and it would not be fair to disclose by what means she rises again slowly, but completely, into the zenith of domestic bliss.

We are not quite sure that we believe in the domestic bliss. For all her efforts to prove the contrary, Miss Craik's consummation is a very unsatisfactory one. It is perhaps possible that a nature as selfish as that of Ronald Glyn might learn consideration in suffering; but his crass and obstinate temper, and his unruffled and unintelligent self-esteem, are qualities which would be less likely to become modified. A thorny ground might be harrowed and bear seed, but the nature of Ronald Glyn is described as a mere rock. He is of the stuff from which pompous old country clergymen of a certain type are produced—dull, sententious, selfish men, from whom no consideration and no humility can ever be expected. We suspect that Miss Craik has studied some such man, the petty tyrant of a little provincial sphere, one who has never enjoyed the tonic of contradiction since he was a boy. But such a man as this is lost to hope; no afflictions, such as Ronald Glyn is understood to have passed through, will improve him; he is so thin a wine that he only grows sourer with keeping. That Fortune might gradually lose the force of resistance, that she would cease to contend with him, or express impatience at his imperious fatuity, this is likely enough; but such passive virtue is not the marital felicity that our novelist paints. And Miss Craik would, in our opinion, have written a more successful and impressive story if she had been willing to tell the true tragedy of life; if she had represented Fortune, reunited to her husband, content to see her will and spirit broken, and becoming gradually that slave to his small intelligence which he was witless enough to desire her to be, ending at last as a creature lower even and narrower than her husband himself. But this Miss Craik has lacked the courage to do, and the consequence is that the end of her book is as feeble as it is non-convincing.

Much more variety of plot is needed to make Miss Craik's novels successful as compositions. But in *Fortune's Marriage* the progress of the story is more monotonous than usual. There is absolutely no relief whatever from the painful central theme, except the sole relation between Ursula Glyn and an invalid young farmer, called Stephen Martin. This friendship, which is of the most confidential character, yet never ripens to love, has a certain interest, and should have been used to heighten, with its mystery and delicacy, the want of comradeship between the husband and wife; but nothing is done with it; it is abandoned early in the first volume, and only referred to at the end of the third, in a perfunctory manner, when all the threads of the tale need to be drawn together. We cannot give *Fortune's Marriage* much praise; ill-tempered people may read it with advantage, perhaps, but nobody can read it with pleasure, and we regret that as a book it is no advance on *Sydney*, which again was not so good as *Anne Warwick*. We have before noticed a tiresome habit in Miss Craik, due to rapid writing, of confounding the names of her characters. In this book she calls the Glyns the Denbighs, until we are ready to throw away the volumes in annoyance.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WHILE the "solar myth" is rapidly becoming discredited as a patent key to the mysteries of popular mythology, it reappears as the solution of the enigma propounded by an historical, existing, and widely-accepted religion. No bolder application

of the theory has been attempted than Professor Kern's (1) identification of a personage whose historical character is generally so unhesitatingly recognized as Buddha's with the Sun. He does not indeed dispute the existence of a teacher accepted as "the Enlightened One," or question the extent of the religious revolution this unknown sage effected by embodying ideas long current in the schools of Indian philosophy in language comprehensible to the people. The peculiarity of Dr. Kern's investigation is his interpretation of the mass of fable which has accumulated around Buddha's name by recourse to solar analogies. The unhistorical character of these traditions is universally admitted; the question remains whether they are to be regarded as myths or legends. Dr. Kern's view can be best illustrated by examples. When it is stated that Buddha approximated closely to Nirvana at the termination of the third quarter of his life, it is to be understood that, the year commencing with the vernal equinox, the sun makes the nearest approach to extinction at the close of the third quarter, or the shortest day. This is sufficiently ingenious; but when Dr. Kern identifies Ananda, the disciple said to have been in constant attendance upon Buddha's person, with Mercury, the planet that remains nearest to the sun, he not only has to explain how the Greeks came to make the same planet the roving messenger of the gods, but is confronted by the difficulty, very candidly acknowledged, that Ananda does not appear in the capacity of his master's attendant until near the close of Buddha's life. It would save a world of difficulty to accept so natural and simple a circumstance as historical, and in general Buddha's history seems best explained on the theory of a fair substratum of historical truth underlying a vast superstructure of monastic legend, attributable, as in Europe, to unintelligent veneration, tasteless exaggeration, and pious zeal for the honour of the convent. The composition of the legendary lives of Buddha in monasteries affords the surest clue to their nature. It is impossible to read them without being continually reminded of the corresponding literature of the West. The motives, general spirit, and intellectual horizon of the two correspond to a degree scarcely conceivable if their origin had been distinct, if the one cycle of legend had arisen from the natural tendency of monks to magnify their religious heroes, and the other from the deliberate appropriation and spiritualization of a nature myth. It is probable enough that the Buddhist monks may have adorned their founder's history with traits borrowed from ancient mythology; but, on the whole, the conclusion seems irresistible that they have created a legend, not transmitted a myth. One difficulty in the way of Dr. Kern's theory is candidly indicated by himself—the late period at which, according to his hypothesis, some portions of the Buddhist tradition must have originated. He finds several circumstances which, consistently with his views, he can only explain by the aid of the Greek Zodiac, which does not appear to have been known in India before the Christian era. His candour is, indeed, exemplary; and, if his theory may appear visionary, it is, at all events, propounded in a scientific spirit, and in a style of remarkable sobriety. Nor is it in any degree obtruded upon the reader; the legendary biography of Buddha is narrated in a clear, straightforward, and very interesting fashion, mainly after the tradition of Southern Buddhism; and the writer's interpretations are usually confined to the notes. The translator has added some useful remarks, but contents himself with the general statement that he dissents, for his own part, from his author's mythological theory, and that the second part of the work will speedily follow.

The Historical Society of Berlin (2) is accomplishing a most valuable work by its comprehensive surveys of contemporary historical literature. The second volume analyses the most important historical publications of the year 1879 under sixty-eight sections, occupying more than eight hundred pages. Each section is entrusted to some student of history who has made the period his special study, and the entire publication is superintended by Dr. Abraham, Dr. Hermann, and Dr. Meyer. It is distributed into three great divisions, respectively comprising the ancient, the mediæval, and the modern period. There are certainly some serious omissions. No account, for instance, is given of works on Italian, Slavonic, or Turkish history of the modern period, or of Spanish and Portuguese history of any period. The execution is unavoidably unequal, and many analyses have necessarily been written on the strength of reviews in foreign journals, without actual inspection of the books. The writer on the modern history of India, for example, remarks that English works on this subject rarely reach the Continent, and draws attention to the much more satisfactory manner in which he has been enabled to execute the corresponding chapter on Ancient India. These deficiencies will probably be made good in future volumes; meanwhile, the work is still of the utmost value, both as a digest of information and still more as a guide to the sources of it, affording the historical student, within a narrow compass, what it would have cost him great trouble and research to bring together by his own exertions. The analyses seem to be in general full and impartial, and include papers in the Transactions of learned Societies as well as independent works. The definition of the term history is also very

liberal, comprehending under the history of India interpretations of the Vedas, and under ecclesiastical history discussions on the genuineness of Patristical and Apostolical writings. Works in course of composition or publication are also noticed, and there is a full index.

It is, no doubt, advantageous to have the public documents connected with the part performed by Prussia in the German Diet between 1851 and 1859 (3) printed and preserved in an accessible form for the use of historical students. This service, as regards the first three years of this epoch, has been well performed by Ritter von Poschinger, and his introduction is readable and instructive. The documents themselves are well described by Carlyle's favourite epithet "sawdusty," and the little interest the subject-matter ever possessed has been obliterated by the momentous changes which have since taken place in Europe.

Baron von der Brüggens's (4) sketches of the condition of the Jews in Russia constitute in effect, though not in form, an apology for the persecution to which they are subjected in that country. It amounts substantially to this—that the Christian poor are so thoroughly at the mercy of the Jewish capitalist, and that the latter's mercy is so scant, that every outbreak of discontent and despair inevitably falls upon the common enemy. By Baron von der Brüggens's own account, the Russian peasant deserves little sympathy, for to keep out of the clutches of the Jew he need only resolve to be sober. The Jew has no hold upon the Mohammedan Tartar village communities, for the Mohammedan Tartar drinks no brandy. In other words, the enmity of the Muscovite and the Jew is the consequence of the extremely low moral condition of both, and the intellectual superiority of the latter. With all the native ability of the Russian and Polish Jews, however, they are almost entirely uninfluenced by European culture. Baron von der Brüggens sees no hope for them but in a gradual substitution of Western ideals for their present Semitic fanaticism. As Russia has no Western ideals to bestow, he appears to think that the work of Jewish regeneration must be undertaken by Germany and Austria; only, as these States must also take stringent measures to prevent the immigration of distressed Russian Jews, it is not very clear how their enlightening and civilizing influences are to be applied to the latter.

Notwithstanding the acquaintance with Austrian affairs which the writer of "Austriaca" (5) evidently possesses, we should be inclined to attribute the authorship to a North German. His pre-occupations seem to be rather for the German Empire than for the Austrian, and his chief concern for the latter to be an anxiety for its preservation as a bulwark for the former. Nor would an Austrian admit with such frankness and nonchalance the entire failure of all attempts to Germanize the exotic elements of the population of the Empire, or calmly record such significant facts as that, while the proportion of German inhabitants of Prague was in 1856 three-fifths, it is at present one-fifth. Poles, Italians, even Slovaks, are, he says, making corresponding progress at the expense of the Germans. To all this he appears indifferent, so long as the various nationalities remain Austrian in the political sense. He clearly sees and expresses with great emphasis the truth that Germans, Austro-Germans, and non-German Austrians must agree to sink minor differences, and hold together, unless they are to be swallowed up by the tide of Pan-Slavonianism, and he dreads above all things any course of policy which would throw Magyars, Poles, and Czechs into the arms of Russia. This maxim is enforced upon the Magyars with especial energy, and it is rather from this point of view than on the usual grounds of German sentiment that they are adjured to be careful how they carry their endeavours at the Magyarization of all Hungarian citizens too far. The absolute necessity of Austria and Hungary to each other is, the writer affirms, the foundation principle of all sound policy. To the Poles he is less indulgent, and broaches the question of delivering the Ruthenians of Galicia from their oppression, evidently with the idea of eventually detaching the Ruthenians across the border from Russia. In fact, this able book is an invitation to a general rally against Pan-Slavonianism, which shows with what alarm this movement has inspired thinking men in Germany. Many other points of interest are discussed, such as the influence of the Austrian press, the enormous increase of Jews in Vienna and other large cities, while their numbers decline in the rural districts, and the rapid changes in the ownership of real estate in Hungary, which would seem to indicate a very unsound economical situation.

A particular phase of the general perplexity arising from the mixture of nationalities in the Austrian Empire (6, 7, 8) is illustrated by a number of pamphlets exposing and protesting against the systematic efforts of the Magyars to extinguish German nationality in the Trans-Leithan Kingdom, particularly in Transylvania, especially by discouragement of the German language and unfair

(1) *Der Buddhismus und seine Geschichte in Indien: eine Darstellung der Lehren und Geschichte der buddhistischen Kirche.* Von Heinrich Kern. Vom Verfasser autorisirte Uebersetzung von H. Jacobi. Bd. 1. Th. 1. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(2) *Jahresberichte der Geschichtswissenschaft.* Im Auftrage der Historischen Gesellschaft zu Berlin herausgegeben von Dr. F. Abraham, Dr. J. Hermann, Dr. E. Meyer. Berlin: Mittler. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Preussen im Bundestag, 1851 bis 1859.* Dokumente der K. Preuss. Bundestags-Gesandtschaft, herausgegeben von Dr. Ritter von Poschinger. Th. 1. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *Russland und die Juden: kulturgeschichtliche Skizzen.* Von Ernst Freiherrn von der Brüggens. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Austriaca: Betrachtungen und Streiflichter.* Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Nutt.

(6) *Hungarica.* Eine Anklageschrift. Von Dr. R. Heinze. Freiburg: Mohr. London: Trübner & Co.

(7) *Correspondenzblatt des Deutschen Schul-Vereines in Berlin.* Nr. 1-4. Berlin: Fickert. London: Trübner & Co.

(8) *Flugblatt dem Deutschthum zum Schutz und Trutz.* Berlin: Sittenfeld. London: Trübner & Co.

treatment in educational matters. The statements made present every internal evidence of accuracy, and if they are correct, there can be no doubt that the Transylvanian Saxons have been much wronged, and that the Magyars are acting with much unwisdom in estranging German sentiment at a time when a firm concord between the races is so essential in view of the menace of Pan-slavonianism. It does not appear, however, that their proceedings are materially different from those which the Germans themselves are commonly accused of resorting to in their dealings with alien nationalities in Posen and Schleswig.

The title of Herr von Holtzendorff's "Sketches of Travel in Scotland" (9) prepares a disappointment for the reader, who will not expect to find it a report of the discussion at the Edinburgh meeting of the Social Science Association, seasoned with incidental expressions of the writer's own views on the subjects discussed. Such, however, is the case, and it is no doubt better that an expert in social science like Professor Holtzendorff should expatiate intelligently on his favourite subjects, than that he should add one more to the innumerable descriptions of Scottish lakes and mountains. It might, however, have been well to have warned the general reader that the book, though lively and entertaining in its way, will only interest him in so far as he is a social reformer or philanthropist.

The Indian tale whose course throughout Asiatic and European literature is traced by Herr Varnhagen (10) is that of the king whose spirit possessed the power of entering into other bodies, and whose own body, during one of these absences, was occupied by an adventurer who had learned his secret. This idea, with many modifications, reappears in the Rabbinical tradition of Solomon and Asmadai, in the story of the Emperor Jovianian in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the mediæval romance of *King Robert of Sicily*, in the legend which forms the groundwork of Mr. Browning's "Pope Theocrite," and in a number of modern adaptations, down to the striking story of *The Metempsychosis*, by Dr. Macnish, with which Herr Varnhagen does not seem to be acquainted. His interesting little volume includes a translation of Longfellow's poem on King Robert of Sicily, and an analysis of a remarkable anonymous Danish drama on the same subject. Leigh Hunt's version seems unknown to him.

The "Anchorite" of the erratic and unfortunate Lenz (11) is a curiosity worth republishing, not so much from its own literary merit as from its relation to the Weimar literary circle. "Herz," the anchorite, is undoubtedly the author himself, and "Rothé" is no less certainly Goethe. The former is an accurate piece of self-portraiture, the latter serves at least to show how Goethe appeared to his intimates before his special vocation as the apostle of culture was recognized, and while he still merely passed for a young poet who was also a man of fashion and society. It is also probable that "The Anchorite," in its present shape, bears traces of Goethe's hand. The original manuscript was in his possession, and there is internal evidence of its having undergone considerable revision before its publication in Schiller's *Horen* in 1797.

The critical supplement to *Anglia* (12) is chiefly devoted to reviews of works bearing upon the study of early English literature. The most important is the first part of a very thorough critical examination, by Dr. E. Eichenkel, of Schipper's recent work on English metre, expressing dissent from the author's conclusions on several points. There are also notices of Dr. Brandl's essay on Thomas of Erildoune, of Zielke's edition of *Sir Orfeo*, and of Herbage's edition of the *Catholicon Anglicum*, the latter by Miss L. Toulmin Smith.

The last number of the *Rundschau* (13) is a very good one, containing the commencement of "Chambord," a very spirited tale by Karl Frenzel; and of a translation of the "Schiffer Worse" of Alexander Kielland, a Norwegian novelist whose reputation is rapidly becoming European. An article on the Polish literature of the last twenty years affords some insight into the very considerable literary activity of a people fully participating in the general stream of European culture, but, from the isolation imposed upon them by the unfamiliarity of their language, only able to manifest their affinities to it through the medium of similar interpreters. The present instalment of Herr Hausner's essay deals only with *belles lettres*, which do not appear to be the strongest side of Polish literature at the present day. Poetry is represented as temporarily repressed by the growth of the scientific spirit; and, although fiction is amply cultivated, no modern novelist seems to have attained the rank of a classic except the veteran Kraszewski, a Dumas in industry and versatility, but hardly so in originality and invention. An essay on Schopenhauer contrasts the peace of his intellectual conscience with his ethical struggles and failures, and compares him with a character at first sight very dissimilar—Petrarch. Professor Haeckel's further description of his tour in Ceylon is very readable, but contains little of scientific interest except a sketch of the Government botanic garden and a defence of the Government investigator into

the coffee disease, who has found the cause, but not the remedy. Professor Haeckel thinks this is none of his business, but the coffee-planters differ from him.

Auf der Höhe (14) preserves its international character, and its especial claim to notice as a representative of the literature of Eastern Europe in particular. The June number is remarkable rather on these accounts than from the intrinsic value of the contributions, the most important of which is the conclusion of M. Aube's very interesting essay on the persecution of Decius. Decius, according to M. Aube, recognized before long the impotence of physical force in presence of ideas, and discontinued the persecution some months before his death. The other contributions are chiefly tales, none of much account except the continuation of the editor's "Frau von Soldan," a most spirited picture of the splendour and the beggary, the refinement and the rudeness, the virtue and the villainy, of the strangely complicated society of Austrian Poland.

(14) *Auf der Höhe: internationale Revue.* Herausgegeben von Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 3. Hft. 3. Leipzig: Morgenstern. London: Nutt.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

(9) *Schottische Reiseskizzen.* Von F. von Holtzendorff. Breslau: Schottlaender. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Ein indisches Märchen auf seiner Wanderung durch die asiatischen und europäischen Litteraturen.* Von H. Varnhagen. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

(11) *J. M. R. Lenz. Der Waldbruder, ein Pendant zu Werther's Leiden.* Neu zum Abdruck gebracht und eingeleitet von Dr. Max von Waldberg. Berlin: Kuhl. London: Nutt.

(12) *Anglia.* Bd. 2. Hft. 2. Halle: Niemeyer. London: Nutt.

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